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68TH ANNUAL SESSION OF COUNTY TEACHERS

Holiday Cheer Enlivens Institute Week.

HAS BEEN BIG SUCCESS

Interesting Lectures Feature Day Sessions and High Standard of Evening Entertainments—Sessions to be Concluded Today.

A large attendance and interesting sessions have featured the sixty-eighth annual institute of the public school teachers of Centre County, which convened on Monday morning and will conclude today at 3 0'clock. The teachers had wet, slushy streets to greet them on their arrival in town Monday morning, but since that day, it has been typical, bracing wintry weather. The final adjournment has been timed to enable every teacher to return home for Christmas.

It was 9 o'clock Monday morning when County Superintendent Etters announced that enrollment was under way, and by that hour the Court House was thronged with teachers from all sections of the county. Some few were unable to reach here before noon, and they were enrolled at the opening of the afternoon session. The initial session was opened with devotional services, conducted by Rev. Mr. Sprague, after which there was music led by Prof. J. S. Ruthrauff, of Philipsburg, with Miss Elizabeth H. Dorworth, of Bellefonte, as pianist. Superintendent Etters then cordially welcomed the teachers.

The first lecturer of the day was Dr. C. P. Colegrove, of the Iowa State Teachers' College, Cedar Falls, Iowa, and his remarks were much enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to hear him. He is the author of "Teacher and the School",, and the subject of his address was "Memory Gems." As an introductory thought he said that there was a time when memorizing was a penalty for some offense, whereas today its value makes it a pleasure. An inquiry by him elicited the information from Superintendent Etters that there are 317 public school teachers in Centre County, whereupon Dr. Colegrove remarked that it costs the State $3 per day for each teacher, and added that full value should be taken home to the children of the respective schools.

There are all kinds of teachers, commented Dr. Colegrove, some kindly, energetic and well cultured, while others are just the opposite. That the former make the best teachers, and thereby give the greatest help to the children, he added, goes without saying.

Superintendent S. R. Shear, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was the next speaker to be introduced by Supt. Etters, and he was warmly welcomed, the teachers instantly recalling his presence and able addresses at last year's institute. The value of the work being done by the school teachers may be underestimated by many, but not so with Supt. Shear. He expressed the firm belief that a teacher's salary should be $100 per month, and he added that he purposed saying so when he should address the the annual convention of Centre County school directors on Tuesday. He not only believes in paying teachers higher salaries but in doing everything possible to make their lives attractive. To this he added that the teacher should be optimistic and endeavor at all times to look upon the brighter side. His address concluded the morning session and adjournment was taken until 2 o'clock.

At the afternoon session Professor Ruthrauff conducted a brief period of singing, and then Supt. Shear resumed his remarks. The teacher, he pointed out, takes away from the institute just what he wishes, meaning thereby that the teacher can profit by the sessions or turn a deaf ear to what he hears. A new thought advanced by the speaker had to do with the rights of schools. Sex hygiene, he remarked, should be taught in the home and not in the school. Every child, he said, has a right to be well born and well brought up. Every childless home, he continued, should be an orphanage for a homeless child. Reverting to the teachers, he declared that every teacher should be cultured from within to be qualified to teach all classes of children, and every teacher should have some standard of religion, should be a planner and not a plodder. On the other hand, said the speaker, the teacher should have a properly equipped school building in which to teach. Once more referring to the matter of salaries, Supt. Shear said that the teacher who is not getting forty percent. more than ten years ago is really getting forty percent. less, having in mind the increase in the cost of living, greater demands on teachers, etc. He advanced the thought that there should be a State school tax, which would mean the payment of teachers' salaries by the State.

That the average school term in public schools in the United States is too short was Supt. Shear's next point, and in this connection he remarked that Germay is far ahead of us in that respect. Germany, he said, has an average school year of 1500 hours, whereas in America it is but 1000 hours, or a difference of 500 hours. From this thought the speaker turned to that relative to what type of teachers get the best results. He pointed out that the teacher who secures a position merely to pass away so much time until taking a matrimonial flyer naturally does not compare with the teacher who makes teaching a life work. To encourage development of the latter type of teachers he urged that teachers' pensions be assured now, mentioning significantly that prevention is better than a late cure. He explained that in New York State teachers' pensions are assured. Money invested in teachers' salaries, he remarked, is saved from the cost of maintaining jails and other prisons.

Mrs. Robert M. Beach was next introduced and she spoke briefly to the women teachers in behalf of the suffragist cause and urged the women to become interested in the matter for the moral effect it would have on the men when they vote on suffrage in Pennsylvania. Dr. Colegrove was the concluding speaker of the afternoon, devoting his remarks to the need of efficiency in the school room. District Institute No. 6 met at 4 o'clock. There was also a meeting at the same hour of those interested in the Reading Course. The Monday evening feature was a lecture by Glenn Frank, of Northwestern University, whose subject was "Lost in the Crowd." There was a large attendance and all present were greatly pleased.

Tuesday morning's session was opened with singing, followed by devotional services conducted by Rev. D. E. H. Yocum. A number of announcements were then made. It was stated that Professor Jonas E. Wagner, principal of the Bellefonte schools, would be in charge of enrollment for the State Educational Association meeting at Harrisburg next week. Prof. Wagner then briefly explained the proposed meeting. Another announcement was that copies of the School Code would be distributed among teachers taking the Reading Course and that any copies remaining would go to other teachers. District Institute No. 2, it was explained, was called to meet at noon.

Dr. Bottenhorn, chairman of the Reading Course, presented his report for the last year. Dr. C. T. Aiken, president of Susquehanna University, and a familiar figure at Centre County institutes, then gave a nice talk to the teachers, which was much enjoyed.

Dr. Colegrove was the next speaker, and he resumed his talk on the work of the teacher. He emphasized the point that the teacher should keep growing; that the teacher is not interested in birth or death but in the period which comes between. The teacher, he said, should have a higher standard of right living than the average pupil, since the teacher takes charge of the child and unfolds or develops it. Written language, he said, is the greatest development of life, and the teacher should teach writing carefully. This, he added, is the foundation of all that is taught. Everything, he pointed out, hinges on how well the child has been developed in the primary school. He dwelt at length on the importance of primary teaching.

Following singing, Dr. Charles Lose, principal of the Lock Haven State Normal School, who is a most interesting speaker and always has something worth while to say, addressed the teachers. He laid stress on the importance of teaching English, urging the teachers to carefully explain to children the meaning of words. His address was followed with the closest attention. Prof. Shear was the next speaker, and he submitted papers prepared for every teacher of arithmetic from the first grade up and the eighth grade in particular. He devoted his attention chiefly to the Australian method of subtraction by addition.

Prof. Shear resumed his talk at the opening of the afternoon session, talking on the power of suggestion and memory gems. The teacher, he said, should have not only knowledge but wisdom, for wisdom is but applied knowledge. The teacher, he suggested, should read and teach the right poems suitable to his frame of mind. To this he added the thought that the teacher should not be harsh in discipline but should try to

(continued on page 4)

No Paper Next Week

In keeping with custom, no paper will be issued from this office next week. The editor of "The Republican" wishes each and all of our readers a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Our office will be open for job printing and the transaction of general business.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year.

Can You Help Him?

Charles H. Bandis, formerly, of Scotia but now of State College, is a young man who is a mute. He is very anxious to secure employment some of kind during the winter. He is said to be industrious and willing to work. He has asked us to help him find something to do. Anybody reading this notice who may be in position to assist this young man may communicate with him with a letter addressed to State College, Pa.

Gazette Will Not Issue.

Owing to the continued serious illness in Editor T. H. Harter's family, the Keystone Gazette will not issue this week, which will be observed as a Christmas holiday week. The Gazette will be issued as usual next week, January 1st.

Mrs. Joseph Twitmire, of Sunbury, visited with friends in town on Tuesday.

SCANDAL IS PREDICTED IN P. O. APPOINTMENTS

Unsuccessful Applicant Says Bribe Was Offered.

FOUR NAMES HELD UP

Charges Submitted to Senate at Washington and Appointments are Not to be Confirmed Before Investigation by Committee.

Exposure of a scandal in the method of selecting a number of Democratic postmasters in various parts of Pennsylvania is predicted in despatches this week from Washington. The first development was on Monday when Senator Penrose asked the Senate Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads to take no action on four postmaster appointments made recently by President Wilson on the recommendation of Congressman Palmer. In so doing Senator Penrose explained that charges of a grave character had been filed and that these should be thoroughly investigated before the several appointments were confirmed. As a result four nominations were held up: Joseph P. McMahon to be postmaster at Susquehanna; Albert E. Eckert at East Stroudsburg; P. G. Katz at Verona, and William J. Beck at Braddock.

M. J. Ryan, who was an unsuccessful applicant for postmaster at Susquehanna, filed with Senator Penrose an affidavit charging that he had been offered $2,000 as a bribe to withdraw, and that a delegate to the Baltimore convention was offered a like amount to throw his support to McMahon. Ryan's affidavit was as follows:

"M. J. Ryan declares that he was a candidate for the appointment of postmaster in the borough of Susquehanna; that on the 18th day of March, 1912, Joseph P. McMahon, one of the said candidates for appointment to the same office, called upon him and suggested that deponent retire as a candidate for such office, suggesting that he (McMahon) would pay deponent $2000 for so doing; that said McMahon stated he cared nothing for the income of the office, but sought the office because of the honor and prestige accompanying the same; that on March 19, 1912, Richard N. Brush called upon deponent, and, during the course of the conversation that ensued between deponent and Brush, Brush stated that he had received an offer of $2000 for his (Brush's) indorsement for the post office and admitted to deponent that such offer was made by the above mentioned Joseph P. McMahon, that said Richard N. Brush was the national delegate representing the Fourteenth Congressional district to the convention held in Baltimore in June 1912."

N. S. Brittain, the retiring postmaster at East Stroudsburg, charges that he was induced to resign by misrepresentation on the part of persons claiming to speak for Congressman Palmer. He claimed that he was induced to write out his resignation with the understanding that he would not be disturbed until the expiration of his term in February. As soon as the resignation was turned over, Congressman Palmer had President Wilson announce the appointment of Mr. Eckert.

Congressman Palmer, when the charges were brought to his attention, declared that he had nothing to fear. He denied having any part in the negotiations for securing the resignation of Postmaster Brittain. He also denied that any attempt had been made to buy off Ryan in the interest of McMahon for the Braddock appointment. Senator Penrose announced that the charges would be sifted to the bottom before the four appointments would be confirmed.

SAD X-MAS MESSAGE

Teacher Attending Institute Summoned Home by Mother's Death.

Institute week brought with it sad tidings for Miss Emma Wetzel, of Lock Haven, teacher of the grammar school a Blanchard. A short time after her arrival in Bellefonte on Monday to attend the several sessions of institute, she received a message summoning her to Lock Haven and conveying the sad news that her mother, Mrs. Howard M. Wetzel, had died suddenly.

Mrs. Wetzel was seized with a stroke of apoplexy on Monday afternoon while walking in front of her home. Physicians were called, but she died a few minutes later. She was about 47 years old. Surviving are her husband and the one daughter, Miss Emma, also a brother, B. F. Gingerich, of Lock Haven, and a sister, Mrs. E. C. Strohm, of Zion.

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catherine Gray.

THE LIGHT OF OUR COUNTRY

While we are considering the mote in the eye of Europe, we have abundant leisure to examine the beam in the eye of our own sociological conditions. A few days ago I listened to a lecture by an eminent physician who is engaged in the work of segregating the feeble-minded. He made the statement that society was responsible for making criminals. Our overcrowded institutions for the feeble-minded, the insane, the so called "criminal, and the poverty stricken bear out his assertion.

Many instances are being recorded of children applying for work because the head of the family was without it, and one little girl is said to have wept hysterically when refused. We are boastful about our land of plenty with its large crops, but what is to be said of the sort of madness that permits any "head of a family" or any individual in need of the necessities of life to be without the means of self-support? Nothing but mismanagement can be responsible for such a situation. Some will say that the law prohibiting children of tender years from working is at fault, but who with ordinary intelligence would expect a family to be supported by a child?

There is abundant opportunity to think on these things while we run home to our brightly lighted, warm abodes on these bitter nights.

THE IRONY OF IT!

The latest advice from the male contingent to women is "To Make War upon War!" We have been told that we should not vote because we cannot fight; that we are hysterical, have poor judgment, that we should become degenerate; that only "old maids," discontented women, incompetent women want to make their voices heard in the land. If these are the qualities of the flower of womanhood, how then will it be possible for such to stop war?

THE HOME

It has not been long since a woman out West said that men acted as if they were afraid the women were going to take the home out in the back yard and shoot it full of holes. How about those Belgian homes that have been shot to pieces? How about the women and children of those homes who have been cast adrift throughout the country after having witnessed the murder of their men folk?

I recently heard an Episcopal clergymen, who had been ousted from his church because of too broad views, state to his audience that the home is disappearing; we don't know what the outcome will be, but we must make up our minds to lose it. There is nothing that a woman cares more for than an attractive home, but it takes two to make it, and co-operation has been lacking.

Nothing is more destructive nor more discouraging to the home-maker than the ravages of war. We are leaving the home as fast as we can. Perhaps when governments cease to be what Mrs. Olympia Brown calls "male oligarchies" we shall make homes again and make better ones, but that will be in a better civilization than at present exists.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence explains militancy prominent statesmen advised it.

Let me say with regard to the first point, that the women in Great Britain are not trying to convert the men to woman suffrage. That has been accomplished for a long time. Let facts, not opinions of mine, speak. Over 180 public bodies of men; that is, County Councils, City Councils, London Borough Councils and Rural Councils, have petitioned Parliament to give women equal suffrage with men. Among the City Councils are included all the great cities of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Let me name a dozen—Manchester, Birmingham, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Sheffield, Bradford, Cardiff, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin and Cork. These Councils have never before passed resolutions or presented petitions on any other political or constitutional question whatsoever. Not a single Council in the United Kingdom has passed a resolution or presented a petition in the opposite sense. On a small scale it is as though all the greater States of America, not possessing themselves the right to confer the franchise, had petitioned the Federal Government to enfranchise the women of this country, and that no single dissenting voice had been raised, and the Federal Government, being the only power that could effect this reform, had turned a deaf ear to the demand.

Those to whom I have told these facts are overwhelmed with astonishment, and fall back upon their second misapprehension that England, being a democratically governed country, the will of the people must necessarily prevail. But this is not so. From one point of view the Government of the United Kingdom is a democratic Government. Year by year democratic measures are being passed. Both the Liberal and Conservative parties have to compete for the labor vote. But it cannot be sufficiently realized that the Liberal and Conservative parties are controlled at the top by a little group of men who possess enormous power so long as they act in concert with one another. It is these men, belonging to both parties who decide what questions shall be submitted to the electorate for their decision, and what questions shall be withheld from the people and never submitted to them for their judgment. In other words, these men decide what the two parties shall quarrel about and upon what subjects they shall agree.

There are two questions which they have never allowed to come in any way before the electorate of the United Kingdom. One is the question of foreign policy and the other is the question of woman suffrage. So long as they stand together in agreement, they can keep these two questions forever from being decided by the electorate. The autocrats of these two parties are desperately afraid of woman suffrage. They know that men have learned to play the political game, and they are exceedingly anxious to avoid the complications that might result if women entered the political arena and began to put principle before party interest. For over 50 years they have snowed under the womens' agitation. The political newspapers are in their hands and are ready to do their bidding, and unless an agitation is carried on throughout the country of a nature to make Government difficult, they will persist in their safe and comfortable policy of excluding woman suffrage from the political arena altogether.

It is against this policy and this only that the militant movement is directed. It is the only expedient left to woman by which they can put pressure upon the Government. When it is realized that if every man and woman in England were converted to the principle the movement would not necessarily be any nearer to attainment than it was 50 years ago, then it can be understood why it is that constitutional agitation provides no hope whatever of the attainment by women of their enfranchisement.

MEN AS MILITANTS

Everything that can be done in the way of constitutional agitation has been done and all records in educational and political propaganda have been broken. The only political result of the agitation is a sequence of Parliamentary tricks and betrayals, which, in the words of Lord Robert Cecil, "would have driven me to insurrection." Ministers of the present cabinet have not failed to remind women that it was never by constitutional agitation that men in the past won their vote. Sir Herbert Gladstone, speaking in a franchise debate in Parliament, said "political dynamics are far more important than political argument. Men have learned their lesson and know the necessity for establishing that force majeure' which actuates and arms a Government for effective work. This is the task before the supporters of this great movement." Women have been jeered at by Lord Haldane for their "policy of pinpricks" and have been advised to adopt "sterner measures." They have been taunted by John Burns with "scratching at the door which men forced open." They were told by Mr. Hobhouse, in Bristol in 1912, "that in the case of the suffrage demand there has not been the kind of public sentimental uprising which accounted for the Nottingham Castle in 1832 or the Hyde Park Railings in 1867." I should like my American readers to understand that Nottingham Castle was burnt to the ground in 1832 and that the Hyde Park Railings were torn up in 1867 in connection with men's agitation for the franchise. The advice to go and do likewise was given to women by a member of the present Cabinet before a single act of destruction had been committed by the woman's militant movement.

Historical precedent, political necessity, and the closing of every other avenue are the sole causes of militancy in England, and until this is understood the movement cannot be rightly apprehended by the American public. The strength of militancy lies entirely in the justice of the cause behind it. But for that it would have been stamped out long ago. Warm congratulations to the American women that they have not been forced into these methods of agitation.

FOR SALE

To Settle An Estate.

The only hotel in the Borough of Loganton and Sugar Valley, Clinton County. Contains thirty rooms and does an active business. Terms reasonable.

H. T. HALL,
Lock Haven, Pa.
Atty. for heirs.

12-3-3t.

For baby's croup. Willie's daily cuts and bruises, mamma's sore throat Grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil—the household remedy. 25c and 50c.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Daniel Hess, late of Harris Twp. deceased.

Letters of administration d.b.n.c.t.a. upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

HARRY KELLER,
Administrator,
Bellefonte, Pa.

12-3-6t.

Accidents will happen, but the best-regulated families keep Dr. Thomas Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c at all stores.

How He Shot Himself

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

A lawyer, having been sent for to call at the city jail at 10 o'clock in the morning to see a prisoner, found a young man in evening dress very much cast down.

"Here's a pretty how-de-do," exclaimed the prisoner—"locked up on a charge of burglary, insanity or both. For heaven's sake, get me out of this before my fiancee hears of it. I would not have it get into the papers for a million!"

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, you see, I'm to be married tomorrow, and last night I gave my bachelor friends a supper. We broke up at 2 o'clock this morning, and I went home. Nobody got full, and I was sober as a judge. I live in a row of ten store front houses, all alike as peas in a pod. My house is the sixth from one end of the row and the fifth from the other end.

"The light was turned low in the hall. I heard something moving in the parlor. Remembering that the front door hadn't been locked, it occurred to me that a burglar might have come in. What I heard sounded exactly like some one trying to tread softly. My fiancee lives on one side of the city, and I live on the other side. Being used to walking home nights after visiting her, I have become used to carrying a revolver in my hip pocket as a protection against footpads. On hearing the sounds in the parlor I drew the weapon and cocked it. Then I went into the room.

"I couldn't see anything, but I distinctly heard somebody in the adjoining room in the rear. I listened and heard him go into the kitchen. Stepping out into the hall, I went back to the kitchen myself and listened at the door. All was still for awhile; then I heard the fellow scurry across the floor.

"Next I heard him in the dining room again. He evidently stumbled against something, for I heard it drop on the floor. By this time I had made up my mind that either I must get the burglar or he would get me.

"I didn't know exactly what to do. My mother is in poor health, and I feared to give an alarm on her account. Besides, the telephone booth was upstairs, and if I went to it the burglar would probably get away with the plunder. While I was deliberating I heard a tin pan tumble down in the kitchen. It made a big racket, and I dreaded lest my mother should be awakened, for if she learned that there was a burglar in the house she would go into hysterics.

"I opened the kitchen door softly and looked in, but it was so dark that I couldn't see anything. I heard a scratching, however, that made me suspect the noises might have been made by some animal. But as we didn't have any dog or cat I didn't take much stock in this theory.

"Not hearing any further noise, I went cautiously into the kitchen. After standing in the middle of the floor awhile listening for a new sound I made up my mind to light a gas jet and take the consequences, whatever they might be.

"Every house in the block is built alike, and there is a square opening in all between the kitchen and the dining room through which to pass dishes. I approached this opening with dread, because if the burglar was in the dining room he could see me through it and make short work of me.

"Gathering courage, I stood at the apertdre and looked into the dining room. There he was, sure enough. Both of us raised our weapons. It was a matter of life and death which fired first. I pulled the trigger, and there was a loud report.

"I supposed I had killed the burglar, for the range was very short, and I aimed straight at him. There was nothing for me to do but await the inevitable rousing of the household. I heard footsteps above and voices; then down came a man in his nightshirt.

"Great Scott! I had never seen him before!

"I had got into the wrong house.

"The man, seeing me standing with a smoking revolver in my hand, ran back upstairs, and I heard him call for the police.

"What should I do?

"I wanted to get out, but knew that would be worse for me in the end than standing my ground. I heard nothing from the burglar—not even a moan. While waiting for the police I determined to go into the dining room, light the gas and learn the worst.

"What I learned was that there was no living thing in the room except a cat crouching in a corner. Directly opposite the opening between the dining room and kitchen stood a sideboard topped by a mirror. The mirror was shattered. I had put a bullet through it trying to kill my own image.

"When the police came the man upstairs called down to them to run in any one they might find there. I tried to explain to the police what had happened, showing them the opening through which I had fired at the mirror. Some of them thought me a housebreaker, who had been caught redhanded; others took me for a lunatic. Anyway they arrested me, and here I am."

Happily the attorney secured bail and succeeded in hushing the matter up. The next evening his client was married without his bride knowing of the episode following his bachelor dinner.

A Sailor's Ghost Yarn

By MILLARD MALTBIE

"You want a yarn, mates?" said the old salt. He was somewhere between eighty-five and ninety years old. "Well, I'll tell you one that'll give you an iceberg chill."

"A ghost story?"

"Yes, and a story of a real ghost. I didn't see it myself, but I see the man that seen it and where he was a-lookin' at it, too, and he tole me."

"How did you know he wasn't lyin'?"

"How did I know that? Did you ever see a man that was seein' a ghost? No? Well, when you do you'll know there's no mistakin' what he's lookin' at.

"To begin at the right end o' this yere yarn I must say that in the day when ships broke out with a cloud o canvas agin the blue sky, instead o movin under a lot o' greasy machinery below, I sailed before the mast in a full rigged brig in the China trade. There wa'n't no Suez canal in them days, and to git around the African east coast one was obliged to double the Cape of Good Hope.

"One o' our crew was a feller that none of us felt like messin' with very clost, though he didn't seem to want to mess with us neither. He had a hangdog look about him, and if any body come up behind him, suddent like, he would start as if he was afraid he was goin' to git a knife in his ribs. There was stories about him among the men, though they was whispered and couldn't be tracked down to a startin' point. One of 'em was, if I don't disremember wrong, that he had shipped on a pirate in the West Indies. That might 'a' been, for he was more'n fifty years old, and that would throw him pretty nigh back into the century afore the last, when the pirates in these waters was still cruisin'.

"Murdock was his name—Joe Murdock. We didn't call him by his first name, as we did one another, but Murdock, which was part because he was so much older than we and part because he wasn't one of us anyway. Well, one day when we was makin' northerd along the east coast of Africy I was one o' the watch, and so was Murdock. We was on the fo'castle, we two, collin' ropes, when we met a Dutchman that passed us so near we could see everybody there was on deck tol'able plain.

"All of a suddent Murdock caught at the capstan, and I thort he was goin' to fall on the deck. Thinkin he'd been took sick, I caught aholt o' him, and, lookin' into his face, I saw the most onearthly—well, it was what I was tellin' you at fust. He was starin' straight at the Dutchman amidships, where there wa'n't nobody, and was shiverin' as if struck by an ar'tic wind. His eyes follered the Dutchman while she was sailin' past; then he fell into my arms like a lump o' lead.

"The second mate seen me holdin him up and come along to see what was the matter. I tole him Murdock had been tooken sick, and he called some men to help carry him below, but he come to himself and, bracin' up, tole the mate he had had a dizzy spell and if he would send me with him nobody else would be needed. I supported him down, and when he got to his bunk he first covered his eyes with his hands awhile; then he says to me:

"'Did you see a man on the Dutchman amidships leanin' over the gunwale?'

"'No. I only saw the man at the wheel, some men holystonin' the afterdeck and a man aloft in the fo'most riggin'.'

"Murdock looked up as if he was goin' to collapse.

"'You mought jest as well out with it,' I says to him.

"And he did, though he wouldn't 'a' done it unless he'd been in the shivers. He tole me that when a very young man he had sailed with a Cap'n Webster; that the cap'n was mighty friendly and had promised to make him an officer. One day they was captured by a pirate on the Spanish main. They was all required to walk the plank, but Murdock saved his life by offerin' to tell where there was a treasure box concealed on the ship, and to join the pirate crew. When Cap'n Webster stepped off the plank he had turned and looked at Murdock—jest looked at him; didn't say nothin'.

"But Murdock never forgot that look. He served a year with the pirates—the only man of his ship's crew left alive, then made his escape.

"'Since then,' said Murdock, 'I've been sailin' over the world's waters keepin' the horrible secret. And every oncet in awhile when a ship passes I sees Cap'n Webster lookin' at me—sometimes in the fo'castle, sometimes in the riggin', sometimes over the taffril, but whatever place he takes it's always where there's no one else. And he always gives me that same look as when he turned and saw me just before he was goin' down into a watery grave.'"

The old man stopped and there was silence among his listeners. Presently one of them said, "Didn't it ever strike you that this man Murdock had thought so much about his cap'n lookin' at him that a-way that he made up the cap'n's ghost hisself?"

The narrator received this suggestion with contempt.

"If you'd 'a' seen him as I did you'd 'a' knowed he was lookin' at the real thing."

SIGNALS OF DISTRESS

Bellefonte People Should Know How to Read and Heed Them.

Disordered kidneys give many signals of distress.

The secretions may be dark, contain sediment.

Passages are sometimes frequent, scanty, painful.

Backache is often present day and night.

Headaches and dizzy spells may occur.

Weakened kidneys should receive quick help.

Don't delay! Use a special kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys, backache and urinary disorders.

Bellefonte evidence proves their worth

"I suffered from a dull ache across the small of my back for several weeks," says Mrs. John Mignot, of E. High St., Bellefonte. "At times when I bent over or lifted anything, a sharp pain shot through my back. I had heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and I knew that they were good, so I began taking them, procuring my supply at Parrish's Drug Store. They cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Mignot had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

The MacCrackens.

There are a number of McCrackens in Centre County, the families of that well known name being highly esteemed. The Pittsburgh "Gazette Times" a day or two ago published the following tribute which will be read with interest whether you happen to be a McCracken or not:

Down in New York on University Heights there dwells a former Pittsburgher to whom, at 74 years, there has come this week a joy unique and rare in the experience of fathers. This is Henry Mitchell MacCracken, A. B., D. D., L. L. D., from 1881 to 1884 professor of philosophy and chancellor of the Western University of Pennsylvania, now the University of Pittsburgh. On Monday last his son, John Henry MacCracken, A. B., A. M., Ph. D., LL.D., who is 39, was elected president of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pa., and on Tuesday his son, Henry Noble MacCracken, B. A. M. A. Ph. D., who is 34 was made president of Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The father is chancellor emeritus of New York University, with which he has been identified since 1885. At 17 he was a teacher in Ohio, and at 23 was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry. His active career extended over a period of 53 years, or until he was 70, when in 1910, he was made chancellor emeritus after having served 19 years as chancellor. He has been distinguished in ecclesiastical and educational activities and is the author of nine books dealing with these questions. The new president of Lafayette is a native of Vermont and at 24 was president of Westminster College in Missouri. Since 1903 he has been syndic and professor of politics in New York University and since 1909 president of the Presbyterian College Board. The new president of Vassar was born in Toledo, O., and is professor of English in Smith College.

A graduate of New York University, he became an instructor in the Syrian Protestant College in 1900 and has held the chair in English in various institutions since. He has seven books to his credit, and for years has contributed to magazines on philosophical topics.

Assuredly the MacCrackens are a gifted trio, and to them this week must be notable to a degree. For the sons it may be said they were fortunate in the selection of a father and for the father that he was doubly happy in the selection of his sons.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year

MUSIC LANGUAGE.

Single Notes Are Its Letters, Groups of Notes Its Words.

As you know, the single notes are the letters of the music language. Groups of notes are the words of the music language. In a spoken language the letters are always sounded one after the other. In the music language they are sometimes sounded one after the other and sometimes simultaneously.

This fact explains two important divisions of music—namely, melody and harmony. In a general way, melody consists of single tones heard one after the other; combinations of tones heard simultaneously are called harmony. A word of the music language may consist of several tones in succession, like a word of the spoken language, which consists of several letters in succession.

On the other hand, a word of the music language may consist of several tones heard simultaneously, which is impossible in language. Some of the most important words of the music language are those which are used in both these ways, and it is one of the great charms of music that its words can be heard in these two ways.—Dr. Rudolf von Liebich in Woman's World.

TURN OF THE WORM.

Her Claim to Fame Put All Her Rivals Out of the Running.

The superintendent of a charitable institution for the aged poor in a certain district says that there is no topic more pleasing to some old women than the discussion of their "better days," when they were the fortunate possessors of "everything heart could wish for," as they are apt to express it.

One old lady in the institution mentioned never tired of describing the finery she had when she was a bride. Another boasted of having once owned a "gold band chiny tea set" and six solid silver teaspoons, while a third dwelt at length on the elegance of a flowered silk gown and satin parasol with fringe fifteen inches long.

One poor old lady stood this sort of talk as long as she could. Then she calmly interrupted with:

"Well, I never had no chiny tea things, nor no silk gowns, nor embroidered petticoats, nor openwork stockings, nor gold earrings, nor nothin' o' that sort, but I have had four husbands, an' I'd like to know whether any of you can beat that."—Exchange.

Victor Hugo's Modesty.

It is related that upon one occasion Victor Hugo, the great French writer, received a letter bearing an address of a single line, "To Our Supreme Poet." Hugo took the letter to Lamartine.

"Here, my dear friend," he said, "is a letter which certainly is intended for you."

After a long and extremely courteous discussion, which resolved itself into a combat of flattery, it occurred to them to break the seal, which they did, and read, "My dear Alfred." The letter was for Alfred de Musset and came from Alexander Dumas. Lamartine smiled, but Hugo, who did not relish the turn of affairs, made no comment. Some time later Clovis Hugues asked the author of "Hernani," "Sir, who, in your opinion, is the premier poet of our time?" and received the following reply:

"The second is M. Lamartine, and the third is M. de Musset."

To Enjoy the Popular Dances.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular. Allen' Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample, Address

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Bankruptcy In the Court of Love

A Story For New Year's Day.

By MILLARD MALTBIE

"Bella," said Mr. Dudley to his daughter on the 31st of December, handing her a birthday present and giving her a kiss, "don't you think that a girl of nineteen is old enough to settle down and take some thought for the future?"

"I certainly do, papa."

"Today you begin a new year in your life, and tomorrow you begin a new year of the calendar. Suppose you do some thinking as to your actions during the past few years, make up your mind as to what is necessary in your case and form such resolutions as may seem essential to your future happiness."

"Tell me what you think necessary."

"The main thing I have in mind is this: The most important event in a woman's life—so I consider it—is her marriage—that is, if she is to be a wife. I have noticed in you an unfortunate propensity to regard those things which are preliminaries—in this country, where people usually marry for love—to the union of a man and woman, with the consequent rearing of a family, very much as you would consider a game of tennis.

"This, my daughter, is all wrong. Love is nearer akin to divinity than any other part of our nature. It is serious—very serious. I, your mother, your brothers and sisters, we who form a group so closely cemented, are held together by this one element in the composition of life—love."

"Oh, papa, how beautifully you talk!"

A shadow passed over the father's face, realizing from this remark that he had not produced the impression he desired. He was turning away disappointed when his daughter caught his hand.

"Really, papa, explain what you mean, and I will do what you wish me to do."

"Well, then, to come down to plain language, stop flirting."

"Oh, that's what you are driving at!"

"Yes. Tomorrow morning when you wake up refreshed after a good sleep think over your treatment of worthy and worthless young men, which is based merely on your fancy, and make a resolution that if you have any encouragement to bestow upon any one of them it will be given to some one who should you marry him—and you are now at a marriageable age—will make you a worthy husband, one you can be proud of before the world."

Bella sat musing.

"A penny for your thoughts," said her father.

"I was thinking that tomorrow morning will be a better time to make such resolutions than now."

"Why so?"

"Well, tonight I go to the Seymours to see the old year out and the new year in."

"What has that to do with resolutions?"

"Why, Jimmy Halliday will be there, and yesterday, just because I accepted a rose from Tom Erskine, he passed me on the street, pretending he didn't see me."

"Well?"

"Why, papa, you don't think I'm going to stand that, do you?"

"Do you care especially for Halliday?"

"Care for him! Of course not."

"Then why should you trouble yourself about him?"

"Oh, papa, how stupid you are! You don't understand such things at all. I will give Jimmy tonight as good as he has given me. Tomorrow morning I will make your resolutions"—

"My resolutions!"

"I mean that I will reform as you desire."

Her father, who adored her, gave her another kiss and left her, feeling that his words had been without effect. Not so Bella. She had really been impressed, but not for such general reasons as had been mentioned by her father.

Far down in the bottom of her heart was a soft spot into which a certain quiet, reserved young man, Edward Corwin by name, had settled himself without asking her permission. She had treated him in accordance with her usual methods, with the result that he had locked himself up—to speak figuratively—and all her efforts to get at him had signally failed.

Miss Dudley passed the evening of the 31st of December at Seymours', danced the cotillion with Tom Erskine, failed to favor Jimmy Halliday, smiled on Elliott Tracks and sat out a figure with Fred Swords, when she made up a spat with him, throwing him into ecstasies. Then, when all were assembled about a round table feasting the new year in, she exchanged bonbons with Bob Sparkles, reviving a hope that had nearly died out. As for Edward Corwin, he was not present.

On New Year's morning Bella awoke and, looking at a tiny clock on a bracket, saw that it was 11 o'clock. Then she remembered her New Year's resolutions, and a troubled expression passed over her young face. New Year's morning was not so good a time for reform as she had supposed. A flower lay on a table that she had accepted graciously from Erskine, and she had agreed to go out with him for a ride at 3 in the afternoon. Halliday had been brought to his senses—so she considered it—and had received permission to call at 4 for the purpose of making a humble apology. Sparkles was due in the evening to say something very particular, but since Swords was also expected she did not see how he would have an opportunity.

Bella was very much ashamed of herself. It was easy for her to make resolutions, but how was she to keep them? Keeping resolutions is largely dependent upon freedom from temptation. But she had provided temptations that would beset her all the afternoon and evening of New Year's day. To make matters worse, she remembered several other engagements she had made with young men the day before the evening spent with the Seymours.

The word bankruptcy is usually considered to pertain to financial matters. Nevertheless there are a great many kinds of bankruptcy. There is social bankruptcy, where one is swamped with invitations; there is bankruptcy in one having assumed more duties than he can attend to. Miss Dudley's bankruptcy was that she had permitted too many young men to believe that there was a possibility for each of winning her. It occurred to her that the first resolution she should make was to apply for a discharge in the court of love. After such discharge she might make her resolutions not to become further involved.

Suddenly an idea occurred to her. She would simply "fail." She had heard of merchants failing, which she understood to mean that they simply lay down and let the throng of creditors pour over them. She would cut all her engagements—every one of them.

But how escape them? Flight occurred to her—ignominious flight. But flight alone was repugnant to her nature. Then she considered keeping her appointment with one of her suitors. No; that wouldn't do at all. Next came an idea of making a brand new engagement. She lay for some time turning this last proposition over in her mind, then made one fundamental resolution upon which a superstructure of good intent should be based.

It was 12 o'clock noon on New Year's day. Edward Corwin, lawyer, had been spending the morning in his room at home over an intricate case that he was obliged to work out and was thinking about luncheon when there came a ring at the telephone.

"Mr. Corwin?" came a woman's voice.

"Yes, I am Corwin. Who is it?"

"Bella Dudley."

"Oh, Miss Dudley! Happy New Year!"

"Same to you."

There was a brief pause, after which Miss Dudley proceeded: "This is a fine, sunshiny day. I suppose you are free on a holiday? It seems a pity to stay in the house with nothing to do. I wish that would revive calling."

"I am disengaged for the afternoon."

"How would you like to drive me in the runabout?"

"Very much. But I am surprised that you have no engagement for the day."

"If I told you that I have a lot of them and propose to break them all for you you wouldn't believe me."

"And if you told me you had had no opportunity to make them I wouldn't believe you."

"True. Therefore never mind my engagements. Come at 3 o'clock and we'll have a spin."

"I'll be with you, most assuredly."

"One moment, please."

"A dozen, if you like."

"I would prefer to dine somewhere. Suppose we go to Summerset and dine at the Antlers. That would suit me if it will not be too cold for you coming back at night. Summerset is thirty miles, you know."

"I'll stand the cold."

"Very well. Summerset it is, with dinner at the Antlers, 3 o'clock. We'll go round by Turnersville."

"That will be fine. Goodby."

"Goodby."

* * * * * * *

"Bella," said Mr. Dudley on the morning of the 2d of January, "didn't you find it cold riding last night?"

"We had plenty of robes."

"What time did you get home?"

"About 10 o'clock."

"Several young men called in the afternoon," said Mrs. Dudley, "and two in the evening. They all seemed disappointed in not finding you."

"Did they, mamma. Please pour my coffee."

When the family rose from the breakfast table Bella told her father that she had something to say to him and, taking his hand, affectionately led him into the library.

"Papa," she said, "I've reformed."

"How long will the reformation last?"

"Always. I'm engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Yes, engaged."

"For how long?"

"Forever."

"To whom?"

"Mr. Corwin."

The father embraced her.

"Do you believe the engagement will stick?" asked Bella.

"Yes," said the father.

"Why this man more than the others?"

"The others were Tom, Dick and Harry. This is Mr. Corwin. But how did you figure it out so quickly, sweetheart?"

"I concluded to go into bankrutcy in the court of love. But, realizing that I would get in the same fix again, I concluded to marry the man I really want and remove temptation."

However, that had the same result as bankruptcy, for marriage gives a clearance for all outstanding love debits.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

I like that old sweet legend
Not found in Holy Writ
And wish that John or Matthew
Had made Bible out of it.

But, though it is not a gospel,
There is no law to hold
The heart from growing better
That hears the story told:

How the little Jewish children
Upon a summer day
Went down across the meadows
With the Child Christ to play

And in the gold green valley
Where low the reed grass lay
They made them mock mud sparrows
Out of the meadow clay.

So, when these all were fashioned
And ranged in flocks about,
"Now," said the little Jesus,
"We'll let the birds fly out."

Then all the happy children
Did call and coax and cry
Each to his own mud sparrow,
"Fly, as I bid you—fly!"

HIS LITTLE SPARROW WENT SOARING TO THE SKY.

But earthen were the sparrows,
And earth they did remain,
Though loud the Jewish children
Cried out and cried again.

Except the one bird only
The little Lord Christ made.
The earth that owned him master,
His earth heard and obeyed.

Softly he leaned and whispered,
"Fly up to heaven, fly!"
And swift his little sparrow
Went soaring to the sky.

And silent all the children
Stood awestruck looking on
Till deep into the heavens
The bird of earth had gone.

I like to think for playmate
We have the Lord Christ still
And that still above our weakness
He works his mighty will;

That all our little playthings
Of earthen hopes and joys
Shall be by his commandment
Changed into heavenly joys.

Our souls are like the sparrows
Imprisoned in the clay—
Bless him who came to give them wings
Upon a Christmas day.

Most Liberal Christmas Givers.

The big private banking houses of Wall street are the most liberal rewarders at Christmas, just as they are the heaviest salary payers throughout the year. The greatest house in the street has been known to give 100 per cent bonus to all employees at New Year's—that is, double pay for the entire year. In that firm New Year's is the greater day. Nobody has ever explained exactly why it is preferred to Christmas. Often the house gives 40 per cent. But, like other private banking firms, it never lets it get out what bonus it will pay for fear that the size of the gift will be taken by the world to indicate the state of prosperity of the firm's preceding year. Every year the amount of the bonus naturally does leak out afterward through the people who get pieces of it and who lunch with benefited ones from other banking houses. So it is that almost everything in Wall street leaks out through the amiable weaknesses of luncheon gossip.

The "Little People's" Christmas.

Long ago, in Merry England, the popular belief was that the "little people" of the forest come at Yule time to join in the Christmas festivities with mortals. Now, it is well known that the "little people" do not like to be seen and will not venture where there is any possibility of prying human eyes finding them. So, in order to please their sprightly little guests, rich and poor provide the tiny friends with hiding places of thick, green wreaths and festoons, where they can look on the revelries unseen.

The Little Christmas Tree

By Susan Coolidge

The Christmas day was coming; the Christmas eve drew near.
The fir trees they were talking low at midnight, cold and clear,
And this is what the fir tree said, all in the pale moonlight,
"Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the holy night?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said,
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh.
"You all will be approved," he said. "But, oh, what chance have I?"

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL AND SANTA CLAUS.

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow.
Few toys and candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,
And, laughing low, he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed the fir tree's plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day
That, ax on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches; his little heart beat fast;
He was a real Christmas tree—he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple, with cheeks of ruddy gold;
Six tapers and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died and when the baby slept
The little fir, in silent night, a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart to grieve.
"I have not lived in vain," he said. "Thank God for Christmas eve!"

The First Christmas Card.

The honor of the Christmas card is ascribed frequently to the late W. C. T. Dobson, an English painter. In December, 1844, a date earlier than that given to any other claim, he was anxious to send some more novel Christmas greeting than that of a letter to a distant friend, and the idea occurred to him to make a little sketch symbolizing the spirit of the season. The sketch depicted in its center a family party gathered around the Christmas dinner table raising glasses to the health of absent friends. Underneath were the words "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you," while on each side was a smaller sketch representing an act of benevolence. Mr. Dobson's card so pleased its recipient that the following year he designed another card, of which he sent lithographed copies to a large circle of friends. Other artists followed his example, and the circle sending out Christmas cards grew wider and wider until an enterprising printer saw there was money in the business, and within a few years from its birth the Christmas card was to be seen in hundreds of shop windows.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The Goblins

A Christmas Story

IN an old abbey town a long, long while ago there officiated as sexton and gravedigger in the churchyard one Gabriel Grubb. He was an ill conditioned, cross grained, surly fellow, who consorted with nobody but himself and an old wicker bottle, which fitted into his large, deep waistcoat pocket.

A little before twilight one Christmas eve Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern and betook himself toward the old churchyard, for he had a grave to finish by next morning.

He strode along until he turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard—a nice, gloomy, mournful place, into which the townspeople did not care to go except in broad daylight; consequently he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some lolly song about a merry Christmas. Gabriel waited until the boy came up, then rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy hurried away, with his hand to his head, Gabriel Grubb chuckled to himself and entered the churchyard, locking the gate behind him.

"SHOW HIM A FEW OF THE PICTURES."

He took off his coat, put down his lantern and, getting into an unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so with right good will. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no easy matter to break it up and shovel it out. When he had finished work for the night and looked down into the grave with grim satisfaction he murmured:

"Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,
A few feet of cold earth when life is done.

"Ho, ho!" he laughed as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone, which was a favorite resting place of his, and drew forth a wicker bottle.

"Ho, ho, ho!" repeated a voice close beside him.

"It was the echoes," said he, raising the bottle to his lips again.

"It was not," said a deep voice.

Gabriel started up and stood rooted to the spot with terror.

Seated on an upright tombstone close to him was a strange, unearthly figure. He was sitting perfectly still, grinning at Gabriel Grubb with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

"What do you here on Christmas eve?" said the goblin sternly.

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel.

"What man wanders among graves on such a night as this?" cried the goblin.

"Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard.

"What have you got in that bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever, for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

"Who drinks Hollands alone and in a churchyard on such a night as this?"

"Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!" exclaimed the wild voices again.

"And who, then, is our lawful prize?" exclaimed the goblin.

The invisible chorus replied, "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!"

The sexton gasped for breath.

"What do you think of this, Gabriel?" said the goblin.

"It's—it's very curious, sir; very curious, sir, and very pretty," replied the sexton, half dead with fright. "But I think I'll go back and finish my work, sir, if you please."

"Work?" said the goblin. "What work?"

"The grave, sir."

"Oh, the grave, eh? Who makes graves at a time when other men are merry and takes a pleasure in it?"

Again the voices replied, "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!"

"I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin.

"Under favor, sir," replied the horror stricken sexton, "I don't think they can. They don't know me, sir. I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me."

"Oh, yes, they have! We know the man who struck the boy in the envious malice of his heart because the boy could be merry and he could not."

Here the goblin gave a loud, shrill laugh which the echoes returned twentyfold.

"I—I am afraid I must leave you, sir," said the sexton, making an effort to move.

"Leave us!" said the goblin. "Ho, ho, ho!"

As the goblin laughed he suddenly darted toward Gabriel, laid his hand on his collar and sank with him through the earth. And when he had had time to fetch his breath he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by goblins ugly and grim.

"And now," said the king of the goblins, seated in the center of the room on an elevated seat—his friend of the churchyard—"show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our great storehouses."

As the goblin said this a cloud rolled gradually away and disclosed a small and scantily furnished but neat apartment. Little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown or gamboling round her chair. A frugal meal was spread upon the table, and an elbow chair was placed near the fire. Soon the father entered, and the children ran to meet him. As he sat down to his meal the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

"What do you think of that?" said the goblin.

Gabriel murmured something about its being very pretty.

"Show him some more," said the goblin.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grubb. He saw that men who worked hard and earned their scanty bread were cheerful and happy. And he came to the conclusion it was a very respectable sort of world after all. One by one the goblins faded from his sight, and as the last one disappeared he sank to sleep.

The day had broken when he awoke and found himself lying on the flat gravestone, with the wicker bottle empty by his side. He got on his feet as well as he could and, brushing the frost off his coat, turned his face toward the town.

But he was an altered man. He had learned lessons of gentleness and good nature by his strange adventures in the goblin's cavern.—Charles Dickens.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 24, 1914

CHARLES E. DORWORTH. - Ed., & Pub.

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Merry Christmas.

Tomorrow the turkey "gets his."

The coal dealer and the plumber have been enjoying a merry Christmas for several weeks.

The man with a snow shovel was king this week, even though he happened to have no particular hankering to wear a crown.

The railroads get the increased rate, and as usual the people pay the freight —also paste a "war" revenue stamp on each bill of lading.

To each and every subscriber who thoughtfully took notice of our suggestion that a subscription payment would serve as an appropriate Christmas gift to the editor, we wish to say: "Thank you."

If you happened to have a water pipe burst during the recent cold snap, don't cuss and imagine you had all the trouble in the world. Some fellows had two pipes burst.

Congratulations to County Superintendent D. O. Etters on the interesting and very successful sessions of this year's teachers' institute. We used to call him "Buzzy", but guess we'll have to change it to "busy." Its results that count.

The first of the year is the time when many persons find themselves in need of printing, such as billheads, statements, envelopes, cards, etc. It is a good plan to examine your supply on hand and place your order a little ahead of time. You will find "The Republican" office well equipped to handle your needs in the printing line.

Down at Washington President Wilson seems to have run into a blockade in the Senate. In the last few days several appointments by the President have been turned down in the Senate. Now comes the explanation that certain Democratic Senators have a deep grudge against the President because of the dictatorial course of one of the members of his cabinet. The member happens to be Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. McAdoo happens to be the President's son-in-law. At long range, it would look as if the shortest route to results would be for some unattached Senator to marry himself into the President's family.

Centre County teachers are this week in session at their annual institute. The weather has not been all one might wish, but at that we are thankful it isn't any worse. The annual visit of the teachers to Bellefonte is greatly appreciated even though a more substantial evidence of the fact is not always given by the public. When one stops to think about it, each teacher in attendance at this week's institute has in his or her hands the future of the children of today, a responsibility far greater than that of most callings. It is a tribute to the teachers of Centre County that for the most part their work is especially well done, that each year is attended with even better results and that our public schools stand as a monument to the cause of education. That the teachers may return home feeling that the week has been one of benefit and enjoyment, and that each may have a very merry Christmas, is the earnest wish and hope of this newspaper.

Missing Student Found.

Young Stevens, the Penn State College student who mysteriously disappeared some weeks ago, has been located in Floida, according to word received here from his father, who resides at Homestead. The information was conveyed in a post card from the father to Chief of Police Dukeman. It gave no particulars.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Teachers in Session.

(continued from first page)

reach the soul of the child.

The next number was one which appealed to the personal interest of teachers in general. It was a talk by Miss Black, of Wilkesbarre, who introduced the State Teachers League three or four years ago and which now is composed of 7,000 members. The aim of the league is to have Congress provide a retirement annuity fund. Miss Black is a well trained and thoroughly qualified speaker and all that she had to say was well received. Superintendent Etters nominated Prof. Wagner for chairman of a Centre County branch of the league, but the latter gracefully declined and suggested Prof. C. L. Gramley for the post. Following Prof. Gramley's election he nominated Prof. Wagner for secretary, and this was promptly ratified. A. A. Pletcher, of Howard, was chosen treasurer. Teachers becoming members of the league are expected to contribute as dues one tenth of one percent. of their salaries.

An interesting talk on reading by Dr. Colegrove followed. He compared the method of twenty years ago with that of today and emphasized the wonderful development as a result of the present system for teaching the child to read. Immediately following adjournment at 4 o'clock, District Institute No. 5 met in the jury room, while District Institute No. 1 assembled in the main court room. District Institute No. 3, it was announced, would meet at 8.45 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Tuesday evening's feature was one that made good the promise to provide a laugh for even the pessimist. The entertainer was Edwin Whitney who well merits the title of "The Prince of Story Tellers." He was greeted by a large and appreciativo audience, and all who were present were well repaid for their time.

Wednesday's sessions were of the same high standard as those of the previous days. After devotional services, conducted by Rev. Mr. Glanding, Dr. Becht, Secretary of the State Board of Education, gave one of his always interesting talks, his theme being the importance of health and sanitation in the school room and among school children. Comparing conditions of today with those of long ago, he said that in 1600 the average death age for man was 21 years, whereas today it is 45 years. He urged that children spend as much time as possible in the open air.

The Committee on Legislation was directed to meet at noon. Dr. Shear was the next speaker and he was followed by Dr. Colegrove. Dr. Becht again spoke at the opening of the afternoon session, saying that the teather should have self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control. He dwelt on the importance of having play-grounds for the school children. He was followed by Dr. Shear, and at this point all High School teachers retired to the Grand Jury room for a talk by Dr. Colegrove. The latter later addressed the institute, talking chiefly to new teachers and urging that they use good common sense and exert themselves to study the children in their respective schools.

Last night's feature was a concert by the Metropolitan Quartet, and it was one greatly enjoyed.

The morning session today was called at 8.45 o'clock, this being done to make as much progress as possible and thereby aid the teachers in concluding the final session in time to get home for Christmas.

HELPING THE NEEDY

Associated Charities Committee and Spread Good Cheer

Through the channels of the Associated Charities Committee and various lodges in Bellefonte, substantial gifts were presented here today to many families in need. Scores of children were provided with something or other as Christmas gifts. Some received shoes, others clothing, etc., while into many a home there went baskets or boxes of groceries.

The Associated Charities Committee has had the co-operation of representatives of the several churches, and this with individual effort on the part of the officers and others made it possible to locate numerous homes where substantial gifts were needed. In the past it has been customary for some children to go from door to door on Christmas morning soliciting gifts. Of course, with such a practice prevailing a few children received more than their share, and others received less. Some children received articles of food, etc., which they only threw away once they got around the nearest corner. It is the hope of the Associated Charities Committee that the practice will not be encouraged this year, not that the children should be denied Christmas gifts, but rather that the gifts should pass into deserving hands. All day today the committee will be engaged in distributing gifts. In urging that indiscriminate soliciting of gifts on Christmas morning be abandoned this year, the committee announces that if there is any child in Bellefonte who has not received a gift of some kind and will communcate with Mrs. R. S. Brouse or Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell that child will properly be looked after.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Additional Locals.

Roy Landis, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A Landis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarland, of Boalsburg, were shopping visitors in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Donald S. Potter is entertaining Miss Rose Prince, of Crafton, who arrived here on Tuesday.

George Holman, of Millheim, was a business visitor in town between trains on Saturday of last week.

W. H. Austin, of Blanchard, was in town this week in attendance upon the annual convention of school directors.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fitzgerald and son, of Columbus, Ohio, are expected here to spend Christmas with Mr. Fitzgerald's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald, on Spring Street.

The young folks home from college include Misses Martha Shoemaker, Katherine Love, Helen Hawes, Mary Schad and Anna Taylor, also John Love, Leroy Locke, Frederick and Philip Reynolds, Elliott Morris and Charles Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McClure, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McClure, of Renovo, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey McClure, of Atlantic City, will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. James I. McClure, the boys' parents.

If you would like to receive a handsome Christmas souvenir, free of charge, all you need to do is to write to Rubin & Rubin, Harrisburg, Pa. Full particulars are given in their advertisement in this week's issue of "The Republican."

One of our numerous callers this week was Michael Pletcher, who is the successful young teacher of the public school at Kennedy, near Mt. Eagle. Mr. Pletcher has 24 pupils in his school, so that it will be seen that he has his hands full pretty much of the time.

Christmas services at St. John's Lutheran church as follows: Early service at 6 A. M., with sermon by Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, "The First Christmas Morn." At 7 P. M. the Sunday School will give their entertainment entitled, "On Christmas Day." There will be a tree and a treat for the children. Besides recitations by the little folks and readings by older members, several new features will be introduced. A girls' trio will sing and five girls will give a pantomime, "Star of the East", with special lighting effects.

The military reception and assembly in the armory on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of Troop L, William H. Brown captain, was a pleasing social success, and all who attended had a most enjoyable evening. The interior of the armory was prettily decorated for the occasion, and music was furnished by the Lyric orchestra, from Lock Haven. A number of out-of-town guests were in attendance. Officers and men of Troop L were in dress uniform and presented an attractive appearance. A number of prominent Bellefonte women served as patronesses. The reception was from 8 until 9 o'clock, with dancing from the latter hour until 2 o'clock.

School Directors Meet.

At the annual convention of Centre County school directors this week, officers for the coming year were elected, as follows: Thomas I. Mairs, State College, president; William H. Austin, Blanchard, first vice president; R. P. Miller, Philipsburg, second vice president; Charles F. Cook, Bellefonte, secretary; A. C. Mingle, Bellefonte treasurer; Mrs. R. S. Brouse, Bellefonte, auditor. T. I. Mairs and Dr. Bitner, the latter of Centre Hall, were elected representatives to the State convention.

New Mercantile Appraiser.

A. Lukenbach, of Bellefonte, was on Wednesday chosen mercantile appraiser for 1915, by the County Commissioners.

Sale in Partition.

By virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, the undersigned will expose to public sale at the Court House, Bellefonte, Pa., on

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1915

at 11 o'clock a. m., all the following described real estate, late the property of Isabella H. Roller, deceased, bounded by the Buffalo Run public road and lands late of the Benjamin F. Hunter estate (now Lyman E. Bickel), containing about two acres and seventy-seven perches, near Hunter's Park, Benner Township, Centre County, Pa.

Thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and outbuildings.

Good orchard and fine spring of never failing water on the premises.

Terms of Sale: Ten per cent cash on day of sale, forty per cent. on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year with legal interest, to be secured by Sci Fa. bond and mortgage on the premises, or cash at the option of the purchaser.

W. HARRISON WALKER
Trustee.

HARRY KELLER,
Attorney.
12-17-3t.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Howard.

Mrs. W. J. Kurtz and daughter were doing Christmas shopping in Bellefonte on Saturday.

Misses Mollie and Zelma Yearick were shopping in Lock Haven on Friday.

Miss Josphine Muffly, who has been teaching in Clearfield County, is enjoying the Christmas season at her home here.

George Foresman, a student at Dickinson seminary, is home for the holidays. Glad to see you, George.

Arthur McGaughey, teacher of the public school at Rockton, Clearfield County, is spending a few days with friends in Howard.

Ronald Welch did some shopping in Lock Haven on Saturday.

Owing to low water, the electric company is unable to supply sufficient current to properly light the streets.

If the grammar grade pupils continue improving with their literary talent on the scale maintained at present, they will soon become close rivals to the High School society. Their entertainment on Friday night was splendid.

Mrs. C. M. Muffly and daughter Anna were Christmas shoppers in Bellefonte on Saturday.

SUSPENDED SENTENCES

Judge Orvis Lenient with Man Who Tried to Pass Forged Check.

The Christmas spirit predominated when several prisoners were before Judge Orvis for sentence on Tuesday. Reflecting this spirit of good will, and to enable two men to have their freedom on Christmas Day, Judge Orvis suspended sentence instead of imposing prison terms.

Howard Rider, who last week pleaded guilty to forging a check and trying to pass it at the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co. store, was one to benefit by the leniency of the court. For his offense he might have been sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. However, he confessed his guilt and Judge Orvis decided to give him another chance. He accordingly suspended sentence and directed Rider to pay the costs in the matter. Rider started away happy.

Mike Smith was the next to profit by the fact that justice was being tempered with mercy. He was up for skipping a board bill at Whiterock. The court suspended sentence on condition that Smith leave the county and not return. Glad to escape going to prison Smith readily assented and left for parts unknown as soon as possible.

Two cases were nolle prossed. That against William Rote, charged with assault and battery, was the first. The other was that against J. E. Shugert, of Philipsburg, charged with non support. Shugert's wife failed to appear against him and the proceedings were dropped.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

William Daywalt Myra Hicks	Scotia. "
Frank M. L. Robertson Clarr M. Cole	State College. "
Simon N. Lucas Florence Irwin	Runville. "
Frederick P. Strawcutter Stella M. Rupert	Blanchard. "
Frank Napp Elizabeth Wert	Gregg Twp. "
Joseph N. Sharpless Margaret M. Kumdy	Sandy Ridge. "
Raymond J. Miller Elizabeth Sanders	West Philadelphia. Centre Hall.
Howard M. Keebler Anna M. Rumbarger	San Paulo, Brazil. Fillmore.
Alfred C. Shuey Katie Breon	Rock View. State College.
John Condo Martha Long	Potters Mills. Spring Mills.
Ira D. Peace Zella Patterson	McCartney. Clarence.

Prohibition Defeated.

The Hobson resolution to submit a constitutional amendment for national prohibition was defeated in the House at Washington Tuesday night. The vote was: 197 for, and 189 against. It required a two-thirds vote to pass.

Hospital Had Odd Case.

At the Williamsport hospital on Monday a one-day old baby was admitted with a leg fractured in two places. The bones were set and the child returned to the mother. The leg was broken at birth.

Troop L Inspection.

General orders issued at Harrisburg last week announce that the inspection of Troop L, of Bellefonte, will be held on Tuesday, January 5th.

About the size of your shoes it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for dancing parties, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere at 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale and sickly. For pure blood, sound digestion, use Burdock Blood Bitters. $100 at all stores.

Accidents will happen, but the best-regulated families keep Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c at all stores.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE
BIBLE STUDY ON

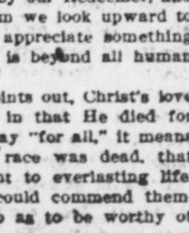
SAVIOR OF THE WORLD.

2 Corinthians 5:14-21—Dec. 27.

"Far be it from me to glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gala. 6:14. R. V.

TODAY'S Study reminds afresh that Jesus is the Savior not merely of the Church, but also of the world. In the past, Bible students have overlooked this great truth, to their confusion. Now we see that God has provided two distinctly different salvations—one for the Church in the Gospel Age, the other for the world in the Age to follow—the period of Messiah's Kingdom.

Both are salvations from sin and its penalty—sorrow, pain, crying, dying; both are salvations to everlasting happiness. But there the similarity ends; for the Church is to be saved by a change of nature, while the world is to be saved by a resurrection to perfection of human nature.



The Cross of Glory.

The Church's salvation, now in progress, has its beginning in the hearing of faith. The Message of God's grace is proclaimed here and there by stammering lips, which do not appeal to many great, wise or learned, but chiefly to the poor of this world, rich in faith. Such of these as are of humble mind are charmed with the Message of forgiveness of sins and reconciliation to God through the Redeemer. As they seek to draw near to God, He through His providences draws near to them, and enables them to understand the terms and conditions upon which they may be received back into fellowship with God as dear children. He says, Draw near to Me, and I will draw near to you.

The Blessings of Faith.

In today's lesson St. Paul deals especially with the Church class. He explains to us that it is the love of Christ that has exercised the constraining, or drawing, power upon our hearts. The love of Christ is the love of the Father, but we as men would not be able to understand the Father's love. But we can understand it as it was manifested by our Redeemer, and thus through Him we look upward to the Father and appreciate something of the love that is beyond all human understanding.

As St. Paul points out, Christ's love was manifested in that He died for all. When we say "for all," it means that the whole race was dead, that none had a right to everlasting life, and that none could commend themselves to God so as to be worthy of everlasting life.

The Apostle explains that all who realize this matter fully, should consecrate their lives to the Lord, to lay down their lives in the service of Him who died for them and who rose again. These have a special love for the Lord and also for each other. They are seeking to live, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit—in harmony with the begetting of the Holy Spirit which they have received.

Hence more and more they think of Christ, not as the Man Jesus, but as the glorified Lord. So also they are learning to think of each other, not according to the flesh, but according to the heart; "for if any man be in Christ, he is a New Creature." To such, earthly hopes, aims and prospects have gone; they have new hopes, new ambitions, new relationships. If faithful, they will receive those glorious things which God has in reservation for those who love Him; if faithful they will receive the crown of life which fadeth not away, now reserved in heaven for them.

These things are of God. The Father Himself organized the whole arrangement. He has already reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ. We are fully given over to Him; we have no rebellion in our hearts; and God has nothing against us. "There is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus." Their sins are forgiven.

The Service of Reconciliation.

The New Creatures, begotten of the Holy Spirit, are not only to have a work in the future as kings and priests joint-heirs with Christ in the blessing of the world, but have a work for God at the present time. They are to be ambassadors for God, His representatives amongst men. They are to seek to tell the Message of God's Love to those who do not understand it, to tell the way of return to God to those who give evidence of a desire for reconciliation. Thus they are ministers, servants, of the way of reconciliation even in the present time.

St. Paul, the Apostle.

In verse 20 the word you is in italics, indicating that it is not in the original. It should be omitted. God is not beseeching the Church to become reconciled; all who are of the Church are already reconciled. The Apostle is telling that God through us is beseeching, or urging, mankind to be reconciled to Him, that He is willing to be reconciled to them, and explaining the basis of this reconciliation —that Christ took the sinner's place in death.

SPELL OF THE PRAIRIES.

Where the Ocean of Land Seems Vaster Even Than the Sea.

I had believed that I realized the vastness of the United States without having actually traveled across the country, yet I had not realized it at all, and I do not think that any one can possibly realize it without having felt it in the course of a long journey. I had imagined that I understood the prairies without having laid eyes upon them, but when I raised my window shade that morning and found the prairies stretching out before me I was as surprised, as stunned, as though I had never heard of them before, and the idea came to me like an original thought: How perfectly enormous they are! And how like the sea! I had discovered for myself the truth of another platitude.

For a long time I lay comfortably in my berth, gazing out at the appalling spread of land and sky. Even at sea the great bowl of the sky had never looked so vast to me. The land was nothing to it. In the foreground there was nothing. Nothing met the eye in all that treeless waste of brown and gray which lay between the railroad line and the horizon, on which was discernible the faint outlines of several ships—ships which were in reality a house, a windmill and a barn.

Presently our craft—for I had the feeling that I was on a ship at anchor —got under way.

On we sailed, over the ocean of land for mile upon mile, each mile like the one before it and the one that followed, save only when we passed a little fleet of houses, like fishing boats at sea, or crossed an inconsequential wagon road, resembling the faintly discernible wake of some ship long since out of sight.

Presently I arose, and, joining my companion, we went to the dining car for breakfast. He, too, had fallen under the spell of the prairies. We sat over our meal and stared out of the window like a pair of images. After breakfast it was the same. We returned to our car and kept on gazing out at the eternal spaces.

Now and then in the distance we would see cattle, like dots upon the plain, and once in a long time a horseman ambling along beneath the sky. The little towns were far apart, but each little settlement had its wooden church, and each church its steeple—a steeple crude and pathetic in its expression of effort on the part of a poor little hamlet to embellish more than any other house the house of God.—Julian Street in Collier's.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

Did You Get Any Money For Xmas?

If so what more appropriate investment could be made with it than the purchase of an article of beauty, adornments and usefulness such as a beautiful Ring, La Valliere, Gold Watch, Jewelry of any kind or Silverware, thereby perpetuating the memory of the giver of your gift.

THINK IT OVER

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

To all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

With the school marms away attending institute, the young Americans are having a rollicking good time coasting.

Major J. W. Sunday is spending the holiday season among friends in Blair and Mifflin counties.

Lloyd Ripka enjoyed the good sleighing and spent Sunday with friends in Georges valley.

George Saul attended the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. F. Fike's baby girl at Axe Mann last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. N.C. Krebs,of State College, were Sunday visitors with friends in town.

Mrs. F. W. Archey, who has been in poor health for quite a while, is not much improved. Her ailment is diabetes.

Mrs. Anna Gates, of WarriorsMark, came over Friday to lend a helping hand in caring for her sister, Mrs. Sadie Heberling, who is seriously ill and with little hope entertained for her recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harry Williams were Sunday visitors at the Will Glenn home at Lemont.

Professor H. N. Walker and family are home from Selinsgrove University to enjoy th holiday season with friends in and nearby town.

George T. Miller recently disposed of the old and well known home just west of town at private sale. Charles V. Miller was the buyer.

J. B. Heberling spent several days with his mother the early part of the week. She is very ill from hernia. Dr. Woods, the attending physician, called Dr. Locke in consultation last Friday.

The days are lengthening and the cold is strengthening. Sleighing is excellent and pretty girls are bussing.

George Everts, the veteran from Tyrone, is greeting old comrades of sixty years ago, but finds few he then knew. Many have crossed over the Great Divide, while others have drifted to various parts.

Earl C. Musser last week purchased a new 5-passenger Cadillac car, but owing to the frozen condition of the roads has it done up in tissue paper while he wishes for better weather.

The many friends of John Brett Archey will be glad to learn of his recovery from the attack of heart trouble that laid him low many weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Emigh, an old couple at Penna. Furnace, are thankful for the bounteous donation given them recently as a Christmas offering, besides filling the coal bin the larder was stocked to overflowing.

By an amicable agreement the Henry McCracken heirs have taken over the old home farm together, with all the personal effects, household goods and stock. The place has been in the family name since 1800, and is one of the finest and most productive in the valley. The price stipulated is $12,500.

Clifford Close will till the broad and fertile acres of the Kepler farm after April 1st. Clif has been in the employ of Supt. C. L. Goodling, at State College, for the last two years.

We are to have a new proprietor at the St. Elmo after April 1st in the person of J. Will Kepler, who recently purchased that well known hotel property. Mrs. Kepler will personally oversee the house management, and as she is noted for her fine cooking some splendid meals may be looked for. Mr. Kepler is a prince of entertainers, so that the traveling public will find the St. Elmo a most attractive place at which to stop, feeling sure that the accommodations will be first class in every respect. R. R. Randolph has not decided where he will locate.

Mt. Eagle.

The Mt. Eagle hunting club returned home on Monday evening and reports lots of snow but a scarcity of rabbits and bear.

George Robinson, of Snow Shoe, visited for a day with his parents, on the Spring farm.

Mrs. Alf. Strickland and daughter were in Lock Haven recently to see the former's mother, Mrs. Eliza Culvey.

Mrs. A. Bathurst and two daughters were in Howard doing some shopping a few days ago.

Mrs. Will Gates and daughter were shopping in Howard on Saturday and while there called to see the former's sister, Mrs. Clark Beatty.

Fred Leathers, of Howard, transacted business at the hog farm between trains Saturday.

William Sheatz, on the Bowers farm below town, is entertaining his brother from the West.

Leonard Deitz, Forest Hall and George Hiram took in the shooting match below Howard on Saturday. Forest got two turkeys.

E. H. Leathers and his brother, Clarence, took their sleigh and enjoyed a spin on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Ada Thomas was a passenger on Friday to Curtin, where she is engaged as a seamstress.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Leathers were attending to Christmas shopping in Bellefonte on Saturday evening. Mrs. T. G. Leathers was also in Bellefonte on the same mission.

Groceryman J. F. Deitz was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Friday evening.

William Bitner has the chickenpox.

Hays Daughenbaugh came home from the Whiterock quarries to spend Sunday with his family.

Miss Williams was a passenger to Bellefonte on Sunday afternoon.

Our school teachers are in Bellefonte this week.

Unionville.

We are glad to note that Howard C. Peters, who has been seriously ill from pneumonia, is slowly recovering.

Our new restaurant always aims to please. Fine confectionery, ice cream by the quart or gallon, sodas, sundaes, everything in fact that goes with an up-to-date fountain. Fresh fish and oysters in season.

That 8, 10 and 12 degrees below zero three nights in succession is some cold for the middle of December no one will deny. That's what we had here recently.

H. G. Musser, our assistant ticket agent, is on his vacation. He departed on Saturday for Pittsburgh, but expects to be back and kill some cottontails before the season is over.

Dr. A. J. Nevelling, of Philadelphia, is on his two weeks vacation and is visiting his many friends here (one in particular). Say, Doc. we are all anxiously waiting. You can guess what for.

At 3 o'clock Sunday morning, last, William Resides, the aged veteran who resides in the stone house on the mountains, suffered a stroke of paralysis. At this writing he is unable to talk and in a serious condition.

H. D. Lindemuth, our village smithy, is about the busiest man in town these days. On Monday he drove 58 shoes. Lindy doesn't even have time to work on his automobile.

Rev. B. C. Shaw Dead.

Rev. Barton Cooper Shaw, at one time pastor of the Bellefonte United Brethren church, died on Monday afternoon, last, at his late home at Dunlo. He was in his 57th year.

Read "The Republican", $1.50 in advance.

THAW FINALLY LOSES

U. S. Supreme Court Returns Him to New York State.

Harry Thaw's long fight to avoid extradition to New York from New Hampshire, where he is now in custody has ended in failure.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided on Monday that extradition proceedings instituted in New York to bring about the return of Thaw are legal and valid, and that legal proceedings in the federal courts to prevent his return must no longer stand in the way. The writ of habeas corpus granted him by Federal Judge Aldrich was delared dismissed.

The Supreme Court was called upon to say whether Thaw could be extradited from New Hampshire to New York on the demand that he be returned to the latter state to face trial on an indictment returned against him and charging conspiracy in connection with his escape from the Matteawan insane asylum on August 17, 1913.

The precise legal question raised by the attempt of New York state to extradite Thaw, according to Federal Judge Aldrich, of New Hampshire, who granted Thaw's application for a writ of habeas in the district court of New Hampshire, Corpus was without precedent in either the annals of English or American jurisprudence. From the decision of Judge Aldrich in Thaw's favor the case had been appealed to the Supreme Court, it having been understood from the beginning of the proceedings that whichever side lost in Judge Aldrich's court an appeal would be taken to the highest court.

These proceedings really started with the escape of Thaw from the Matteawan asylum to which he had been committed by the Supreme Court of New York in pursuance of a verdict of a New York jury that he was insane. Before his escape Thaw had instituted one legal proceeding after another to obtain his freedom from the asylum, but these uniformly were unsuccessful. Then came the escape from Matteawan.

REMONSTRANCES FILED

Petitioners Oppose Renewal of Liquor Licenses in Three Boroughs.

At the annual session of license court, held on Saturday morning, last, remonstrances were filed against renewals of liquor licenses in Bellefonte, Philipsburg and Centre Hall boroughs. No individual remonstrances were submitted, nor were specific charges presented.

J. Kennedy Johnston, Esq., appeared for the remonstrants. Judge Orvis received the several applications for license and also the remonstrances and directed Mr. Johnston to file within one week a brief setting forth why licenses should not be granted in the three boroughs in question.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Henry H. Montgomery, to Harry J. Holz, et al, tract in Bellefonte Boro., $1.

John P. Harris, et ux, to Bellefonte Cemetery Assn., tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $150.

Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. to William Hutton, tract in Rush Twp.; $10.

Mike Alexandrovist to Peter Alexandrovist, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; $1.

John Wirth, et ux, to Nathan Haugh, tract in Miles Twp.; $215.94.

Mollie L. Valentine, to George E. Lentz, tract in Bellefonte Boro.; $1.

Harvey N. Keller, et ux, to Nellie T. Gettig, tract in Spring Twp.; $2,000.

Harvey N. Keller, et ux, to Jesse T. Leathers, tract in Spring Twp.; $1.

Rie E. Sullivan, et bar, to William B. Taylor, tract in State College Boro.; $350.

Thomas Byron, et ux, to David W. Bair, 2 tracts in S. Philipsburg Boro.; $1,000.

George F. Troutman, et ux, to Charles Wilcox, tract in Philipsburg Boro.; $850.

W. L. Foster, et al, to Richard Ernesti' tract in State College Boro.; $950.

"September Morn."

"September Morn," comes to Garman's Opera House on Wednesday, Dec. 30th with that jolly comedian Julian Rubell, always as welcome as the proverbial flowers in spring, as the principal of the cast, and associated with this brilliant fellow of nimble legs and funny faces are many happy comedy players who keep the fun moving at a rapid fire pace. The company numbers fifty and the pretty chorus of girls have much to do with "putting over" the tuneful jingles and attractively arranged ensembles. The dances are many and have to do with the famous Tango and graceful Hesitation waltz movements, which are the hits of the leading cabarets and big music halls of New York and London. Prices 35, 50, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50.

Pardoned after 36 Years.

Mrs. Kate Cobb was pardoned at Norwich, Conn., last week after serving 36 years of a life sentence for murder. Her husband, who was city tax collector of Norwich, was poisoned in 1879. At about the same time a Mrs. Wesley Bishop, a neighbor, met death by poisoning. Mrs. Cobb and the Bishop woman's husband were tried and convicted of murder. Both got life sentences. Bishop died in prison two years ago.

GRANT RATE INCREASE

Commission Authorizes Railroads to Advance Five Percent.

Further increases in freight rates were granted last Friday to the eastern railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission in a decision from which Chairman Harlan and Commissioner Clements dissented vigorously.

With the exception of lake and rail traffic, coal, coke, iron ore and certain other traffic, upon which the commission has heretofore fixed rates adjudicated "reasonable" all the railroad systems operating between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi, north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, were allowed the flat five per cent. increase, for which they have been asking during the last four years.

The roads hoped to get increase which would add to the annual revenue some $50,000,000. The commission 's decision is expected to give them additional revenue approximating $30,000,000.

The roads east of a north and south line drawn through Buffalo, Pittsburgh and Charleston, W. Va., won by the decision, the increases, other than upon traffic expected, being denied them in the commission's decision last August. The roads west of this line, which got partial advances in the August decision, received further advances, so that now all the roads in what is described as official classification territory will enjoy uniform advances in both class and commodity rates.

In its decision, the majority of the commission held that the roads had established in the latest hearings a greater need of additional net income than ever before. This was due, in part, to exigencies which arose out of the war in Europe, and in part to the already existing necessity, in the judgment of the commission, for additional revenues to maintain the railroad properties.

Bank Robber Shot.

Frank Hohl, the bandit who shot up and robbed the bank at Altoona one year ago, was shot and killed in a running duel with policemen at Cincinnati last week. Hohl had shot up and robbed two Cincinnati banks in an hour's time, getting away with about $13,000 in cash. He escaped from both banks in stolen automobiles. A boarding-house keeper, where Hohl had engaged a room, telephoned his description to the police and he was surprised in his room. Hohl, however, put up a fight, shooting one policeman and then managing to get out of the house. He jumped into an automobile and was escaping when his car collided with a telephone pole. He never surrendered, but dropped in his tracks with four bullets in his body. The police recovered about $8,000 of the stolen money. It had been secreted in Hohl's room. The young bandit's body was removed to his old home at Harrisburg on Saturday for interment. Hohl's mother is still living. He was twice married.

Mrs. Cathryn Murphy Dead.

Mrs. Cathryn Murphy died on Sunday morning, last, at 6.20 o'clock, at the residence of her son, Thomas J. Murphy, on Lamb Street. Her death was due to pneumonia and followed an illness of about two weeks. Deceased was aged 65 years, having been born at Watkins, N. Y., in 1849. She was a daughter of James and Mary Barrett. She was married in 1869. Surviving are these children: Thomas J. Murphy, of Bellefonte; Mrs. J. W. Lentz, of Jersey Shore; Mrs. Hepburn Edwards, of Antes Fort; George S. Murphy, of Erie; Miss Grace B. Murphy, of New York. There survive also these sisters and brothers: Mrs. Martin Rothschilds, of New York city; Charles S. Barrett, of West Orange, N. Y.; Mrs. M. L. Grady, of Watkins, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary S. Homell and Miss Margaret Barrett, of New York city; John J. Barrett, of Baltimore, Md., and Rev. Father Barrett, of Buffalo, N. Y. The remains were removed to Watkins for interment today. Rev. Father Barrett will say the mass.

Plays Harvard Next Year.

Graduate Manager Ray Smith, of Penn State's football eleven, returned last week from Cambridge, Mass., and had with him a signed contract for a game next year between Harvard and Penn State. It will be played October 30th. Harvard has dropped a number of the teams which were on the schedule for the last two or three years, and some persons were in doubt as to the annual Penn State game for 1916. Manager Smith's success in closing matters with Harvard is naturally pleasing to all admirers of the Blue and White. Penn State will again play Lafayette and Lehigh. Lehigh will play next year at State College, but the game with Lafayette will again be played at Easton.

Coal Rate Reduced.

A reduction of 40 cents a ton in freight rates for anthracite coal carried to Philadelphia from the fields in this State is ordered by the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania, in an opinion made public on Monday. The railroads affected by the order are the Philadelphia & Reading, the Pennsylvania, Central Railroad of New Jersey, Lehigh Valley and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulets, a modern laxative. 25c at all stores.

Suggestions For

CHRISTMAS

A NICE KODAK
OR BOTTLE OF
CHOICE PERFUME
OR A NICE BOX OF
WRITING PAPER
OR A
POCKET BOOK
OR A BOX OF
"BLACK & WHITE" CIGARS
You Can Get Them At

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.
The Rexall Store

A. THOMAS & CO.
CLARENCE PENNA.
Drilling Contractors
Well Drilling A Specialty
COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address
A. THOMAS,
Clarence, Pa.

FOR SALE—Fresh Cow. Inqnire of John Snyder, P. R. R. Ticket Agent. Snow Shoe Intersection, Pa.

LOST—A dark blue Messaline petticoat, on Friday night, between Logan, Spring and Howard Streets. Reward if returned to this office.

FOR SALE—One refrigerator, good as new; size 7 ft. long, 5 ft. wide, and 6ft. 7 inches high. In first class condition. Price reasonable.
Andy Tobias, Clarence, Pa.

WANTED—For the winter, a driving horse for the keep. Mare preferred. Same will be well cared for and returned in good condition. Would also like to rent a buggy. Would consider a second-hand buggy at a bargain price. Rev. F. A. Lawson, Stormstown, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY—Hagley's hand-dipped chocolate confectionery. Best 50c goods on market. Popular packages. Seal cards. Retailers make 30% profits. Whole supply to wholesale and retail dealers in Pennsylvania sold by J. S. Martin, Farrell, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR SALE—A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte Pa.

FOUND—On Bishop Street pike, near Thomas Beaver farm, a pocketbook containing small sum of money and keys. Owner can secure same by calling at this office and identifying property.

WANTED—Two agents, salary or commission. Apply to Leathers Bros, State College, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Willowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—One to do cooking and general housework in Bellefonte home. Inquire at "The Republican" office.

FOR SALE—The George R. Quick property, one mile north of Milesburg; on Marsh Creek road. Apply to or address Mrs. George R. Quick, Milesburg, Pa.

FOR RENT—In the Exchange Building. The steam-heated double office recently occupied as the Democratic Headquarters. Also, storage rooms, at $1, $1.50 and $2 per month. F. W. Crider, t.f.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

LOST—Lost, strayed or stolen from the Western Penitentiary, one 3-year old Holestein heifer, about to be fresh. Description, white on back and black on side. Notify Western Penitentiary, Bellefonte, Pa.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

CARPENTERS WANTED—Four carpenters wanted to work on concrete form work at Liberal Arts Building at State College. Apply to George Barr, State College, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Sleighs Sleighs Sleighs

AND

..... SLEDS .....

AT THE

FARMERS' SUPPLY STORE

Prices on Sleighs ranging from $25.00 and upward. All old comfort square backs. Some spring Sleighs and some without springs. Come in and make your selection while the stock is complete and take it home so you will have it when the snow comes, which will be soon.

Genuine Buffalo Robes

also Brookville Wagons, New Idea Manure Spreaders, Cast Iron Hog Troughs, Galvanized Water Troughs, Corn Shellers, Blizzard and Hand Fodder Cutters, Pumps of all kinds, Poultry Grits, Charcoal, Beef Scrap and Oyster Shells. Hulled Oats, something fine. Old process Flax Seed Meal, Pure Ground Flax Seed Meal and Cotton Seed Meal.

We have a good warm stove and we give you fair treatment. Call and look us over.

John G. Dubbs

BELLEFONTE - - PENNA.

Headquarters For Santa Claus.

All day Saturday, Dec. 19th, and the entire week before Christmas, this store will be headquarters for Santa Claus. Bring your children in to meet the jolly old fellow. He wants them to bring along their Christmas letters. Call and inspect our splendid line of boxed and loose Christmas candies, nuts and fruit. Finest oranges and lemons, just received.

We are prepared to furnish candy to school teachers and Sunday schools at reduced cash prices. Give us a call before looking elsewhere.

For the convenience of our patrons we will sell coupon Books, good for $2.00, $5.00 and $10.00, to be redeemed as goods are ordered. Simply tear out the amount of your order.

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS FOR SALE HERE.

ROBERT MORRIS
Bellefonte - - Pa.

FRIENDS TRIED AND TRUE

THE little dog drooped what tail he had,
The broken doll fainted away,
And the poor Teddy bear was filled with despair
When the new doll came to stay.
"Oh, have you forgotten old friends?" they cried,
But the little girl didn't hear
As she cuddled with joy her new found toy
And sang in its waxen ear.

THEY SNUGGLED UP CLOSE TO HER BREAST.

BUT the days flew by, and she missed her friends,
Though she cherished the new love too.
But the waxen girl with the flaxen curl
Played none of the games they knew.
So she hunted around till she found them all,
And they snuggled up close to her breast,
And never a word of reproach was heard
As she whispered, "Old friends are best."

—John Rutland in Leslie's Weekly.

TAD'S CHRISTMAS THEATER.

How President Lincoln Came to Grant Son's Unique Request.

Tad Lincoln wanted a Christmas gift such as perhaps no other president's son ever wanted before or since.

"Father," said Tad, "there is something I'd like for Christmas, if you'll give it to me."

As the son asked the question his father looked at the boy over the rims of his spectacles in a grave way and asked:

"What is that, my son?"

"I want a theater," said Tad.

"Well, my boy, I don't know that I have any objection," said the president. "There are plenty of them, I suppose, in the toy shops."

"Oh, but I don't want a toy theater," protested the youngster. "I want a real one. There isn't any reason why we shouldn't have a theater in the White House."

Mr. Lincoln was not at first disposed to take the suggestion favorably, but Tad, who was his favorite child and at that time eleven years old, was persistent, and at length the indulgent parent yielded. This was just before the Christmas of 1863—too late to have the theater ready for the holidays, many preparations being required. But it is a matter of history, though known to few, that not long after the following New Year's day the boy's ambition was realized, a room on the second floor of the executive mansion being set aside for the purpose and a stage erected, with gas footlights and simple scenery.

HOLLY FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Southern Belles and Beaus Brought It by Stagecoach.

Before railways coaches changed horses at Alexandria and at the capital, and loads of young belles and beaus went to the Christmas parties in Washington, carrying to the president and his family holly and trailing pine from their southern homes.

President Buchanan, with Miss Lane, "the golden beauty of the White House," gave grand fetes to the young people of the capital in 1858-9 on Christmas eve. The maidens wore empire gowns and high combs. To each guest Miss Lane gave a sprig of holly berries as a souvenir.

Perhaps the most attractive event of President Johnson's administration was the Christmas party for children given to please his nephews and nieces and their friends. A platform stood in the center of the east room, on which sat the Marine band. Overhead were festooned silken flags, and flowers bloomed everywhere. It was a fairy-land of butterfly coloring—gold and scarlet sashes, stockings and pretty slippers.

Mr. Glumm on Christmas.

My old friend Mr. Glumm declares
That holidays are all a sell;
They interfere with our affairs
And cost a lot of cash as well.
And yet his words cannot provoke
My envy for his hoarded sum.
I'd rather find myself dead broke
Than view the world like Mr. Glumm

He vows that festival events
Are but rehearsals for ill health.
He tastes no pleasant condiments
Unless, perchance, 'tis done by stealth
But e'en dyspepsia cannot make
My views of life to his succumb.
I'd rather have a stomach ache
Than nurse a grouch like Mr. Glumm.

—Washington Star

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT ABIDES

Wondrous indeed was the mission of the Christ Child! He gave himself to the world on the first Christmas day and with him came every other good gift.

With him came bountiful tables and good cheer in lordly and homely homes and happy parents and merry children. Men's hearts thawed out, and long faces grew shorter, and sad eyes twinkled with glee, and evergreens sparkled with candles and bore marvelous fruit of loving gifts, simple or costly, in millions of homes.

The trees wither; the toys get broken; the groaning tables are lightened of their load. Dec. 25 is succeeded by the cold, dark days of mid-winter, but the spirit of Christmas abides. In a way every day is a Christmas day, for the Christ Spirit does not take its flight. Every day of the year ministering spirits go about their humble, homely tasks. Every day some one is catching the blessed contagion of Christmas and learning that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Ah, yes, every day is a Christmas day to him who learns this secret of secrets!

—Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D.

CHRISTMAS SEALS WIN.

Widespread Sales Prove Their Hold on Favor of the Public.

MORE than 44,000,000 Red Cross Christmas seals were sold last December, according to a report issued by the National Association For the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and the American Red Cross. In this way $440,000 was netted for anti-tuberculosis work in various parts of the United States.

The sale in 1913 is a gain of 4,000,000 seals over 1912, or 10 per cent. It is hoped that this year the 50,000,000 mark will be reached. The seal design for 1914 has been selected, and orders for the printing of 100,000,000 seals have been placed.

New York state led the country last year with a sale of over 10,500,000 seals or one for each man, woman and child in the state. Of this number more than 6,825,000 were sold outside of New York city. Pennsylvania came next with a sale of 3,125,000. Ohio was third with 2,800,000. Wisconsin fourth with 2,700,000, and Illinois fifth with 2,500,000. Hawaii sold the most seals per capita, the total sale being somewhat over two for each inhabitant. Rhode Island came second with a sale of two per person.

Beginning with a sale of 13,500,000 in 1908, in six seasons the revenue which these little holiday seals have brought to the anti-tuberculosis campaign has more than tripled, an aggregate for the period of over $1,800,000 or 180,000,000 seals.

Business Even at Christmas.

She was a sentimental young girl and had devoted much time and tender thought to the home decorations for Christmas. Her surprise may be imagined when she came downstairs one morning and found the decorations moved around. The mistletoe boughs that had been half hidden in secluded places had been substituted for the holly wreaths and were now hung in the front windows in plain view of passersby.

"Say, sister," explained her little brother, "you've had that mistletoe hanging up for nearly a week and you haven't had a single customer. You're not up to date. What you want to do is to advertise."—Judge.

Where Santa First Appeared.

It was in New York, or, rather, New Amsterdam, that Santa Claus made his first American appearance in something like the garb and manner now familiar to all of us. From the Netherlands the Knickerbockers brought with them the Christmas of love and sympathy in religion, of comradeship among neighbors and of festivity in the family.

The Three Kings.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Three kings came riding from far away—
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar.
Three wise men out of the east were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys.
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the three kings rode into the west
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast
And sometimes talked as they paused to rest
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you tell us the news,
For we in the east have seen his star
And have ridden fast and have ridden far
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great."
They thought the wise men were men insane
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the wise men and questioned them
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem
And bring tidings of this new King."

SENT FOR THE WISE MEN AND QUESTIONED THEM.

So they rode away, and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn—
Yes, it stopped—it stood still of its own free will
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the three kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn yard,
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child that would be King some day
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:
The gold was their tribute to a king;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the priest; the paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head
And sat as still as a statue of stone.
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the kings rode out of the city gate
With a clatter of hoofs, in proud array,
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

Christmas Tree in England.

The Christmas tree has not the vogue in England that it enjoys on the western side of the sea, but it is not exactly unknown. The poor and the middle classes go in for trees to only a trifling extent, but the great folks of the west end and the big country places all allow their gift giving to center about graceful evergreens that Norway and Germany send in.

Holiday Wisdom.

Ethel—If you're not going to accept Mr. Koyne why don't you tell him to stop calling on you?

Clarice—I am, right after Christmas.

Oh, Tender Tale Of Old!

Oh, tender tale of old,
Live in thy dear renown!
God's smile was in the dark—behold
That way his host came down.
Light up, great God, thy word,
Make the blest meaning strong,
As if our ears, indeed, had heard
The glory of their song.

It was so far away,
But thou couldst make it near,
And all its living might display
And cry to it, "Be here!"
Here, in the unresting town,
As once remote to them
Who heard it when the heavens came down
On pastoral Bethlehem.

It was so long ago,
But God can make it now
And, as with that sweet overthrow
Our empty hearts endow.
Take, Lord, those words outworn,
Oh, make them new for aye;
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
Today, today, today.

—Jean Ingelow

Christmas, Christmas Everywhere.

"We have received our first Christmas gift," said a city man the other day, "in the shape of two little square cube shaped paper packages of tea with Chinese characters painted all over them. They came from our Chinese laundryman.

"When we go for the washing and produce the ticket the Chinaman reaches for the bundle.

"'Ninety cent,' he says, and as we are reaching for the coin he reaches under the counter and produces from there those two little square packages which he lays down beside our bundle. We don't know what's in them or why he put them there, and as we put down the coin we take up one of the packets and say:

"'What's this?' And then says the laundryman, smiling:

"'Kismus.'

"And as we smile in return and pick up the odd little packets we think the Chinaman is really more or less adaptable to the customs of the country."

The Cradle and the Cross.

Calvary's cross out of mind, the full significance of Bethlehem's cradle is missed. The great lesson of Christmas is not half learned except our thoughts project themselves beyond the scenes of the Redeemer's birth to the scenes of his death and the relation of his humiliation and suffering to our redemption be borne in mind.—Christian Intelligencer.

When Hope Was Born.

Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn;
Draw forth the cheerful day from night
O Father, touch the east and light
The light that shone when hope was born!

—Tennyson "In Memoriam."

Christmas Seal Of 1914

THE executive committee of the American Red Cross approved the design for the 1914 Red Cross Christmas seal, to be sold throughout the United States during this year's holiday season to help in the war on tuberculosis.

A different design for this stamp is adopted every year. The 1914 stamp is brightly colored, with red and green predominating. It is taken up almost entirely by the ruddy face of Santa Claus. The background, in vivid green, represents part of a Christmas tree. At the upper corners are red crosses. At the bottom on an unrolled scroll are the greetings "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year." The legends "American Red Cross" and "1914" appear.

Instead of an oblong design, as used during the 1913 Christmas season, the 1914 stamp is square.

The Red Cross anti-tuberculosis Christmas seal first was used by the American Red Cross as a national body in 1908. Since then over $1,800,000 has been raised through the sale of these stamps at Christmas time in the crusade against tuberculosis. Last Christmas over 40,000,000 of the stamps were sold in the United States. The Red Cross Christmas seal was first used by the Delaware chapter of the Red Cross in 1907 at the instance of the secretary of that chapter, Miss Emily P. Bissell, and the national organization took it up the following year.

The Star of Bethlehem.

This old sobbing world of ours is one year older than it was when the last Christmas carol was chanted. It has had another twelvemonth of experiments and of experience, of advancement on many lines of human research and acquisition. But it has not outgrown Jesus Christ. For him it has discovered no substitute. The star of Bethlehem is the only star that never sets. Jesus Christ alone can satisfy all human necessities and the loftiest of human inspirations. Christianity is the only universal religion, the only one adapted to all ages of life, to all human conditions, to all races and all nationalities. Other lights have arisen, waned and vanished forever. The Greek mythology is as utterly shaken to ruin as its own splendid Parthenon. The chief religions of Asia—Brahmanical, Buddhist and Moslem—all are limited and local; they are all moribund. While they make no inroads on Christianity, the religion of Bethlehem and Calvary makes constant inroads upon them. The systems of error which Paul and Peter fought have vanished out of sight, and the whole east is catching glimpses of the star that first dawned over Judea's sky. In spiritual dynamics blood tells, and God has trusted his gospel of salvation to the most powerful races on the globe.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

The Message of the Bells.

The Christmas bells are ringing. In every pealing note they say to the poor: "Jesus was one with you. He chose to share your lot because it was that of the majority. In all that you have to bear you are a brother to Jesus Christ." Christ never took on his blessed lips the philosopher's cant. He never said that misery, poverty, disease and death were natural results of a divine law. They were as unnatural as hateful. But for them all he has a remedy. "That ye love one another as I have loved you."—Bishop Cheney.

A Christmas Eve Warning

"Now, keep as quiet, pussy, as you can be, because
If we make just a bit of noise we won't see Santa Claus."

CHRISTMAS MORNING'S NO TIME TO SLEEP

Pilgrims Entering Bethlehem on Christmas Day

King Bonverd II.

A Legend of a Lost Kingdom.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Since the dawn of history the map of Europe has been changing. Many years ago there was a nation the very location of which has been lost, but it is supposed to have occupied a part of Austria and a part of northern Italy. There is a legend connected with this country which has been handed down by word of mouth for many centuries. Traces of it have been found among German speaking people and among Italians.

There was a king of this country—so the story goes—who was at continual war with a people living to the east of his territory, supposed to have been Slavs, whose descendants now occupy the Balkans. He appears in different versions of the tradition under different names, but usually Bonverd. The name of the nation he governed was Thungaria, supposed by some to have been the origin of Hungary.

While King Bonverd was hard pressed by his enemies a son was born to him. There was a prophecy that the Serbs would overpower Thungaria, but that a Bonverd born at the time of the conquest would re-establish the kingdom and subject the conquerors. This prophecy, which reached the Serbs, filled them with a desire, should they succeed in fulfilling the first part of it, to nullify the second part by either killing the infant who was, when grown, to work their destruction or make him a captive.

At the birth of the heir to the throne (Bonverd II., if he lived) his mother was unable to nurse him, and a peasant woman who gave birth to a man child at the same time was called in to give suckle to the prince. She was assigned rooms in a wing of the palace and brought her own child with her.

The woman, whose name was Josepha, was dark and her child was of like complexion, while the heir apparent to the throne was fair, with blue eyes. The king, when Josepha and her son, who was called Herman, were brought to the palace, called upon his councilor to make an inspection of the two infants in order that the peasant boy could not be substituted for the prince. They reported to the king that, since one was light and the other dark, any one who had seen them, knowing which was the prince, would always be able to judge correctly between the two. This satisfied the king, and he made no objection to Josepha having her own son with her.

Meanwhile the Serbs were slowly approaching the capital of Thungaria, their king, Boris, being a great general and matched against a commander who was his inferior, for King Bonverd was not a warrior and was obliged to yield the command of his troops to another. This man risked all on one battle and was defeated, and the whole of Thungaria was open to the enemy, who had advanced rapidly on the capital. Indeed, they came as fast as the news that they were coming.

One morning Josepha heard a din below and, looking through a window, saw the street filled with the enemy's troops. The prince was asleep in his cradle, covered with drapery of the finest texture and bearing the royal arms.

Josepha's own son was in his own cradle, made of oak and unadorned. Hearing a noise in the corridor and believing that the Serbs had broken into the palace and would murder the prince, she laid him in her son's cradle and put her son in the place of the prince. Then, passionately embracing her offspring, she went into an adjoining room that she might not see him killed.

She had scarcely done so when the nursery door was thrown open and armed men entered. In a few minutes they were gone, and Josepha went back, expecting to see the body of her murdered son. The cradle was empty, and the prince was lying where she had placed him in the oaken cradle.

King Bonverd was killed fighting at the head of his bodyguard, and all his courtiers who outlived the taking of the city were scattered. Josepha, carrying the prince, who was supposed to be her child, escaped from the palace and made her way to her home in the country. She dared not let it be known that the babe was heir to the throne of Thungaria lest the fact reach the conquering king and he should be killed. She therefore kept her secret.

Twenty years passed. Thungaria was a province of the kingdom of Boris, governed by a viceroy. Bonverd was brought up by his foster mother under the name of Joseph Bernstein and unlike his father, manifested a predisposition for a military life. At an early age he enlisted in the army of King Boris in a corps stationed in Thungaria. Being a fine soldier, he was rapidly promoted till at twenty years of age he was made a captain.

A few years later a young man came to Thungaria and announced that he was Bonverd II., king of Thungaria. He declared that when the Serbs had conquered the country he had been taken by order of King Boris from his cradle in the palace and carried to the king, who had turned him over to one of his officers to be dispatched. The officer, not relishing the work of killing an infant, had turned him over to a common soldier, who in turn commissioned his wife to strangle him. The woman reported that she had done so, but instead had concealed him and afterward brought him up as her own child.

Great changes had taken place since the conquest of Thungaria. King Boris had died and had been succeeded by his son, Boris IV., who was a weakling. The young claimant to the throne of Thungaria called upon his people to rise and throw off the yoke. It was quite likely that he would have succeeded in putting himself at the head of an army at once had not several of King Bonverd's councilors, who had been commissioned to inspect the prince and his foster brother when they were babes, still lived. They at once visited the claimant to the throne and pronounced him an impostor. He was of dark complexion, while the true prince was fair.

Joseph Bernstein was at the time serving with the army and had risen to be colonel. He seldom saw his foster mother, and she had never revealed to him the secret of his birth, fearing that he would attempt to lead a revolt which would surely fail, and instead of gaining a crown he would lose his head. Bernstein heard of the pretender and espoused his cause, thinking it better that even a false pretender should lead the Thungarians to liberty than that they should remain subjects of their conqueror.

A secret meeting took place between the two men. Bernstein reported that the corps he commanded was largely composed of Thungarians and he could begin a revolt with it. The offer was accepted, and suddenly the viceroy and all the Serb civil officers of the government were arrested. The news spread rapidly, and the people sprang to arms. Not only was a sovereign at hand in the claimant, but a military chieftain in Bernstein. The army through a long term of years—a quarter of a century—had become largely Thungarian and only needed a leader. Bernstein therefore found himself at the head of an army almost immediately.

But a force composed entirely of Serbs was sent to put down the rebellion, and many battles were fought. At first it was a losing game for the Thungarians, but under Bernstein's leadership they held their own until, gaining strength, they were able to meet the enemy under more advantageous circumstances. Finally when their general found himself in a position to strike he sent his adversaries back in a rout, dictating terms of peace in their capital which restored the independence of Thungaria.

When Bernstein returned with this treaty at the head of a victorious army one of the first persons he met standing at the foot of the steps leading up to the palace, where he was going to report to the pretender, was his foster mother.

"Hail King Bonverd!" she said, kneeling before him.

"What do you mean, mother?" he asked.

Before the throng that were crowding upon the young victor she told the story of how she had been his nurse, how she had put her own son in his place when the Serbs broke into the palace and how she had taken him away and brought him up as her own son.

At that moment an old man who had been a member of King Bonverd's cabinet came forward to congratulate the man who had freed his country, arriving in time to hear Josepha's story. He remembered Josepha and, looking from her to the man she had saluted as king, dropped upon one knee and kissed his sovereign's hand. The crowd, recognizing in the old man one prominent as a minister of their last sovereign, rent the air with loud huzzas for King Bonverd II.

The claimant, as became a sovereign, was waiting in the palace to receive the homage of his general, when, hearing the shouts, he directed an attendant to go and learn what they meant. The man returned and said:

"Please, your majesty, they have acclaimed General Bernstein king."

The pretender, rising from his seat, hurried out and appeared with clouded brow before the king and the group about him. Josepha threw her arms around the pretender's neck, exclaiming:

"My son, my son; I believed they had killed you! Happy day that both my children are restored to me! Salute your king!"

The proof that the blue eyed general was king of Thungaria was so complete that he who had believed himself king was convinced and gave his adhesion to the true sovereign. King Bonverd made him his prime minister and treated him as a brother. As for Josepha, the king had always believed that she was his mother and loved her as such. He insisted that she occupy quarters at the palace and be treated with the respect due a queen dowager.

When the Serbs heard the story of how their late king had failed in his attempt to thwart a prophecy it became a universal opinion that what fate had decreed it is useless to oppose.

They were very much dissatisfied with their own king, and when later King Bonverd, yielding to his subjects' clamor for revenge at their long subjection, marched at the head of an army to their country they declined to make any opposition. For had not it been foretold that he would conquer his father's conquerors? So Bonverd entered their capital, took possession of their government and made his foster brother their king. Since their new sovereign had been brought up among them they were well satisfied.

Uncle Sam's Money Factory.

Uncle Sam's great money factory in Washington is one of the wonderful sights of the world. Housed in a building 580 feet long and with four wings each 285 feet deep, it takes 32,840 panes of glass to admit light to its four stories. The structure of the bureau of engraving and printing is built of Indiana limestone and it presents to the shining Potomac, which it faces, a row of columns on the front as imposing as those on the east side of the treasury.

This probably is the finest manufacturing plant in the world in point of scientific equipment to conserve the health and comfort of its inhabitants. Two of the great roofs are given over to the employees for recreation purposes, one for men and the other for the women.

A hospital equipped for surgical operations and physicians of each sex are provided. The hospital treats about forty-five patients a day for accidents and illness, but many of these troubles are of a minor character. As more than 4,000 men and women are employed in the building, some of them working nights, about 1 per cent only require medical attention.—Chicago News.

Schools of Finland.

The folk schools of Finland are particularly fine, with their cooking apartments, gymnasiums, manual training and needlework. Every school has excellent bathing facilities, and the poorest children are fed at the schools. There are little zoological museums in most of the schools.

There are so many varieties of schools, besides the folk schools, elementary and higher; there are lyceums, schools of forestry, of agriculture and of navigation, schools for training teachers, commercial schools, technical, music and art schools, etc. There are three large garden schools in Finland, where boys as well as girls are taught cooking. "They must learn to cook what they grow," said one of the teachers. The dairy schools are particularly interesting. Dairying comes second among the industries of Finland. The pupil must have worked for one year at a butter factory before he or she will be admitted to the school.—Christian Herald.

Tests of Civilization.

It is only vulgar minds that mistake bigness for greatness, for greatness is of the soul, not of the body. In the judgment which history will hereafter pass upon the forty centuries of recorded progress toward civilization that now lie behind us, what are the tests it will apply to determine the true greatness of a people? Not population, not territory, not wealth, not military power. Rather will history ask: What examples of lofty character and unselfish devotion to honor and duty has a people given? What has it done to increase the volume of knowledge? What thoughts and what ideals of permanent value and unexhausted fertility has it produced in poetry, music, and the other arts to be an unfailing source of enjoyment to posterity? The small peoples need not fear the application of such tests.—James Bryce.

The Blind Need Windows.

Light has use, even if men cannot or will not see it. Baring-Gould tells of an institution for the blind that was built in England without windows. "Why," argued the committee, "should we provide windows for those that cannot see out of them?" So scientific ventilation and heating were provided, but the walls were left unpierced by any pane of glass. But soon the poor inmates grew pale, and a great languor fell upon them. They fell sick, and one or two died. Then it was that the committee decided to open windows in the walls. In came the healing light, and the human plants responded to it at once in revived spirits, ruddy cheeks and restored health. Light is good, the Light of the World is good, even for those who shut their eyes.—Christian Herald.

Scaling Fish.

A Mississippi woman tells as follows in the Woman's Home Companion how to scale fish with a minimum of discomfort:

"Scaling fish as generally done is a disagreeable task, as scales fly in every direction. I have discovered that fish may be scaled without this trouble if they are held under water in a large pan during the operation. Have just enough water to cover the fish nicely."

Sweet Return.

She (tearfully)—Henry, our engagement is at an end, and I wish to return to you everything you have ever given me.

He (cheerily)—Thanks, Blanche! You may begin at once with the kisses.

They are married now.—London Telegraph.

A Back Number.

"I wouldn't dream of marrying him. Why, he said he would do everything to make me happy."

"What is wrong about that?"

"He ought to know that humans are put on earth to fulfill missions, not to be happy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Jerrold as a Cynic.

Ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. If I were a gravedigger or even a hangman there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.—Douglas Jerrold.

Not the Same Thing.

"I hear young Spriggins has taken a partner for life."

"Not necessarily, but he's married."—Livingston Lance.

Happy thou that learnedst from another's griefs, not to subject thyself to the same.—Tibullus.

Defining a Siege.

In International law a siege is thus defined by Oppenheim: "Siege is called the surrounding and investing of an enemy locality by an armed force, cutting off those inside from all communication for the purpose of starving them into surrender or for the purpose of attacking the invested locality and taking it by assault. Bombardment is the throwing of shot and shell upon persons and things by artillery. Siege may be accompanied by bombardment and assault, but this is not necessary, since a siege may be carried out by mere investment and starvation caused thereby."

Difference In Time.

A large, slew footed darky was leaning against the corner of the railroad station in a manufacturing town when the noon whistle in the big factory blew and the hands hurried out, bearing their grub buckets. The darky listened, with his head on one side, until the rocketing echo had quite died away. Then he heaved a deep sigh and remarked to himself:

"Dar she go. Dinner time fur some folks, but jes' 12 o'clock fur me!"—New York Times.

Battle Royal.

"I shall never marry," remarked a girl of a certain age, but not specified.

"Never mind, dear," replied her best friend. "Everybody will know that you made a heroic fight against the inevitable."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Uniform Affection.

"Somehow or other, girls generally keep constant to their soldier lovers."

"Is that what you might call uniform affection?"—Baltimore American.

Knew the Style.

The Shopper—Have you any red lady's house slippers? The Shoe Clerk—You mean moccasins. That's what the red ladies wear.—Exchange.

Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.—Faber.

Preserve your just relations to other men. Their misconduct does not affect your duties.—Epictetus.

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We shall be glad to receive and forward contributions of money, no matter how small.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

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Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences Porches, Pavements. Also
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PAROID ROOFING
The best Roofing we know of, also
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in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.
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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte. 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	2 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.38
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.00
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.26
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penns. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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FIRE INSURANCE
Is carrying a sufficient amount o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

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RENTS COLLECTED.

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RHEUMATISM
No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
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THE DIAMOND BRAND.
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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Here and There.

Mrs. Garber will hold a dance in the Bush Arcade Christmas evening.

Mrs. Lewis Harvey was an arrival home Tuesday night from Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stevenson are visiting in Sunbury and will remain over Christmas.

Mrs. James A. Beaver was an arriva home Monday from New York and Atlantic City.

R. H. Bennison, of near Howard, was a welcome caller at "The Republican" office yesterday.

Charles Noll came in from Indiana on Tuesday and will visit over Christmas with his family.

Frank Crissman, of Sunbury, is spending the Christmas holidays with his father, W. Homer Crissman.

William Wood and Joseph Clark, tax collectors from Rush Township, were business visitors in town on Tuesday.

P. R. Rupp, of State College, was in Bellefonte between trains on Monday, enroute to Altoona on a business trip.

W. Scott Holter, of near Howard, was among our callers this week. Scott is a teacher and is attending the institute.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McGaffey, of Philipsburg, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Saturday of last week.

Mrs. McGinness, of Clearfield, was an arrival Tuesday to visit over Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Schofield.

Miss Lillian Walker returned home yesterday from West Chester and will remain until the opening of the millinery season.

Mrs. R. A. Beck and two children are spending the Christmas season with Mr. Beck's brother in Philadelphia, and with her relatives in Hanover.

Alex Cromer, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., was an arrival in town yesterday to spend Christmas with Mrs. Cromer at the Crissman home, on Thomas Street.

John Williams and Fred Pletcher, of Howard, were welcome callers at "The Republican" office on Tuesday. They are attending the teachers' institute.

Mrs. Thomas King Morris and son, King, of Pittsburgh, were arrivals Saturday night to remain over Christmas. Mr. Morris is expected to arrive tonight.

Mrs. William A. Kirby, of Baltimore, and her little son, William, are visiting during the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hammon Sechler.

Miss Marie McGowen, a nurse at Washington, D. C., is spending the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William McGowen, near Roopsburg.

Mrs. J. J. Kilpatrick and Edna departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia where they will spend Christmas. Dr. Kilpatrick will join them in the city today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mac Curtin and two children, from Pittsburgh, were arrivals here yesterday and during the holiday season will visit with Mr. Curtin's mother, Mrs. H. R. Curtin, at Curtin, and Mrs. George F. Harris.

Mrs. James B. Lane returned the latter part of last week from McKeesport and has moved into her new home on Allegheny Street, that recently vacated by the W. Harrison Walkers.

Mrs. Hiram Hiller, from Chester, and little daughter Virginia, were arrivals here this week to spend Christmas with Mrs. W. P. Wilson. Dr. Hiller and Margaret are expected to arrive today.

W. C. Thompson, of below Howard, was a genial caller at "The Republican" office this week. Mr. Thompson is one of Centre County's best known and ablest school teachers and is in attendance upon the sessions of the annual teachers institute.

Mrs. Joseph Harris and children and nurse arrived here from Pittsburgh on Tuesday. Joe is expected to arrive today from Oklahoma. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harris and Guy Harris, from Washington; George Harris, from Baltimore, and Mr. and Mrs. John VanPelt and Mrs. Rachel Harris will complete the group at the family dinner.

The annual dance of the Centre County Club of Penn State will be held in the Bush Arcade, New Year's Eve, Dec. 31st. An effort is being made to make this dance the most successful of any the club has so far held. Although no personal invitations will be issued this year, all Penn State students and alumni of the college, together with students of other colleges and preparatory schools, are invited to attend.

Several Bellefonte residents have experienced bad falls in the last few days. Mrs. W. S. Zeller sustained the most serious injury of the number. She missed her footing and fell but a short distance in a stairway at her home in Allegheny Street, but it was sufficient to fracture her hip. The injury is a painful one, and coming at her time in life is to be greatly regretted. While carrying two buckets of coal up a stairway at his home, R. A. Beck, the Barber, missed his footing and fell heavily, cutting a bad gash on his head above the left eye. He also suffered considerably from shock. On Monday Frank P. Blair, the jeweler, fell on the stone steps in front of the Court House. He suffered more or less from shock, but fortunately no bones were broken.

Miss Annie Miller departed today to spend Christmas at her home in Salona.

Ellis Keller underwent a minor operation at the Bellefonte hospital last week.

William Smith departed last Thursday for Berkley, W. Va., where he has accepted a position.

Mrs. Harry N. Meyer visited with friends at Millheim on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Miss Mary Zeller came up from Lock Haven last Saturday to see her aunt, Mrs. W. S. Zeller.

H. L. Garber was an arrival in town from Stanford, Conn., to spend Christmas with Mrs. Garber.

Miss Mollie Haas, of Roopsburg, was admitted to the Bellefonte hospital this week as a medical patient.

Miss Harriet Bullock departed yesterday for Baltimore, where she will visit with friends over Christmas.

Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Huff, of Milesburg were among the guests at the military ball at the armory on Tuesday evening.

Miss Grace Mitchell came home from New England on Wednesday to spend the holidays here with her father, Isaac Mitchell.

Robert and John Larimer, who were called here by the accident to their mother last week, returned yesterday to Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Allison will have at their Christmas dinner the Allisons from New York and also from Spring Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Harper and son, of Columbus, Ohio, arrived here on Tuesday to spend Christmas with relatives and friends.

At the annual football dance of the Bellefonte Academy last Thursday evening the guests included many of the families of students.

Allan Shelden, of Glenbrook, Conn., is here to spend Christmas with his mother and also his aunt, Mrs. Curtin, at the Bush House.

Miss Harmer, sister of Mrs. H. W. Tate, who had been visiting here for some time departed yesterday for her home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. George B. Thompson and two sons were arrivals in town last Friday to spend the week-end with her grandmother, Mrs. Louisa Bush.

Miss Margaret Cook was an arrival home from Wellesley Monday night. Mr. and Mrs. John Hinman Gibson are expected to arrive at the Cook home tonight.

Miss Martha Barnhart, who is attending Mt. Holyoke College, arrived here yesterday to visit over Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Barnhart.

Clarence A. Weaver, teacher at the Baileyville school, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Harpster, was a pleasant caller at "The Republican" office on Tuesday. Mr. Weaver formerly taught school at Sandy Ridge.

Rev. James P. Hughes on December 16th celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday anniversary and is enjoying such fine health that he expects to do justice to a big turkey tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Foster, Mrs. E. R. Sparks and daughter and Lieutenant Hutchinson motored down from State College to attend the reception and assembly at the armory on Tuesday evening.

Lyman Dubbs, who was seriously injured by falling from a ladder at Osceola a short time ago, is slowly recovering and the attending physicians regard him as out of danger, according to word from the Philipsburg hospital.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Club will be held in the High School building Monday evening, December 28th, at 7.30. A paper will be read by Miss Mary Hunter Linn on "Woman Under Pennsylvania Law Property Rights."

The condition of Mrs. Sadie Larimer, who was so painfully burned by an exploding lamp at Curtin last week, shows some slight improvement, although the attending physicians are not certain as yet that she is out of danger.

Services at the Presbyterian Church, Rev. G. E. Hawes, D. D. pastor. Morning topic, "Each Person's Account with 1914." In the evening the last lecture on the Second Coming of Christ will be delivered. Special topic, "The Consummation. Watch!" If you have no place to worship this last Sunday of the year go to the Presbyterian Church. Good music.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moore, at one time residents of Bellefonte, but now located at North Tonawanda, N. Y., arrived in Bellefonte on Monday to remain a week and possibly longer. Mr. Moore is manager of large iron furnaces at North Tonawanda, but for some weeks they have been shut down as a result of the general depression in business. It is his judgment that January will witness a partial revival in trade.

Miss Margaret Stewart, who is attending Kemp Place School, at Summit, N. J., was an arrival here on Saturday afternoon and will remain over the Christmas holidays with her grandmother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart. The latter's daughter, Miss Margaret Stewart, arrived home on Friday from WilkesBarree, where she had been visiting for some weeks with her brother, Dr. Walter Stewart, who is expected here for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Merriman and daughter, of Narrows, Va., are spending the Yuletide with their sister and brother, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Quigley.

J. Will Kepler, one of Ferguson Township's school directors, was in town yesterday in attendance upon the annual convention of school directors.

A marriage license was issued on Wednesday of last week at Cumberland, Md., to Roy Nelson Stiver and Miss Margaret Catherine Carper, both of Spruce Creek.

Mrs. Martha Darden, of Suffolk, Virginia, who was so popular during her visit here last summer, when she was the guest of Miss Ellen Hays, returns on Tuesday next for a week's stay.

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago.

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

William J. Dorworth, who is located at Baltimore for the General Electric Co., will arrive in town Christmas morning to visit until Sunday with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Dorworth.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa

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Christmas Gift Free

RUBIN & RUBIN Wishes Everybody Everywhere a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR

¶ A useful Christmas Souvenir Free to everybody who wears glasses. ¶ Drop us a postal card with your name and address and the name of this newspaper and we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE of charge a beautiful Christmas souvenir, no matter where you got your glasses.

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Every Article to be Marked Out.

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SUCCESSORS TO JOSEPH & CO.

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Christmas Gifts for Men and Boys

Classified According to Price

We offer these Suggestions in order that your Christmas Shopping may be made both easy & a pleasure

50c Gifts For Men

Caps Belts Tie Clasps Shirt Studs
Pennants Cuff Links Suspenders Underwear
Scarf Pins NightRobes Handkerchiefs Silk Neckwear
Hose Supporters Half Hose, Silk or Lisle
Hose and Scarf to match in Box
Scarf Pin and Cuff Links in case
Garters and Armbands to match in box

50c Gifts For Boys

Hats Gloves Rompers Underwear Blouse Waists
Caps Shirts Rain Hats Suspenders Hockey Caps

$1.00 Gifts For Men

Caps Silk Neckwear Scarf Pins Silk Half Hose
Belts Gloves Umbrellas Shirt Studs
Pajamas Shirts Flannel Shirts Tie Clasps
Underwear Pennants Hose&ScarfSet Suspenders
Night Robes Cuff Links Watch Chains
2 pair Hose in Box
One Half Dozen Handkerchiefs in Box
Cuff Links and Scarf Pins to match in Box

$1.00 Gifts For Boys

Hats Gloves Underwear Pajamas
Caps Jerseys Wash Suits Blouse Waists
Shirts Sweaters Night Robes Odd Trousers

$1.50 Gifts For Men

Caps Shirts Fur Caps Flannel Shirts
Belts Pajamas Night Robes Underwear
Neckwear Cuff Links WoolLinedGoves Silk Half Hose
Umbrellas Scarf Pins Cape Gloves Silk LinedGloves
Evening Dress Protectors One Dozen Collars in Box
Leather Handkerchief Cases
Fancy Suspenders in Leather Case
Cuff Links and Scarf Pin to match
One Half Dozen Initial Handkerchiefs in Box

$2.00 Gifts For Men

Shirts Caps Pajamas Scarf Pins
Gloves Jerseys Underwear Cuff Links
Night Robes Watch Chains Flannel Shirts
Umbrellas Neckwear Walking Sticks
Scarf Pins and Cuff Links to match in Case

$2.50 Gifts For Men

Jerseys Cuff Links Watch Chains
Pajamas Stick Pins Flannel Shirts
Underwear Umbrellas Automobile Gloves
Silk Shirts Madras Shirts Angora Lined Gloves
Fur Lined Gloves Walking Sticks Ev'g. DressProtectors
Scarf Pin and Cuff Links to match in Box

$3.00 Gifts For Men

Jerseys Collar Bags Underwear Flannel Shirts
Sweaters Neckwear Madras Shirts Walking Sticks
Silk Shirts Umbrellas Fancy Vests Full Dress Vests
Automobile Gloves
Half Dozen Hose in Box Half Dozen Handkerchiefs in Box

$3.50 Gifts For Men

Fur Caps Madras Shirts Underwear
Silk Shirts Sweater Coats Umbrellas
Evening Dress Protectors

$4.00 Gifts For Men

Fur Caps Underwear Umbrellas
Silk Shirts Madras Shirts Sweater Coats

$5.00 Gifts For Men

Fur Caps Trousers Underwear
Silk Shirts Fur Gloves Bath Robes
House Coats Umbrellas Rain Coats
Fancy Vests Sweater Coats Full Dress Vests
Automobile Gauntlets Traveling Bags Steamer Rugs
Evening Dress Protectors

$5.00 Gifts For Boys

Fur Caps Overcoats Raincoats Sweater Coats

$7.50 Gifts For Men

Fur Caps Raincoats House Coats
Fur Gloves Sweater Coats Traveling Bags
Steamer Rugs Bathrobe and Slippers to match

Store Open Evenings. Mail Orders Carefully and Promptly Attended to.

Exchanges made After X-mas if goods are not satisfactory in any respect

Montgomery & Co.